

6d

6d

PUNCH

FEBRUARY

22
1950

—
Vol. CCXVIII
No. 5700



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



JACOB'S

Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

* Also specially packed for world-wide export

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS, ENGLAND



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
MEDIUM OR MILD

[INCC 747]



You can depend on this
Liberty model in tan sports calf
for long, hard wear.



Ladies unable to get smaller or larger sizes
should write to the manufacturers.
Sizes 2, 2½ and 7½ to 9 always available. Please
give retailer's name and address.

LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER

ANNE SHELTON LIGHTS UP



ANNE SHELTON at rehearsal -- with a smile and a Ronson! "The Ronson is a gem of a lighter—to give or to get," says the famous radio singer. "It's the perfect accompaniment for any occasion—always strikes the right note!" All Ronson lighters are precision-built, with single-finger, one-motion safety action. The Ronson service guarantees a lifetime of constant use from every Ronson!

Every Ronson a Masterpiece
of Craftsmanship

RONSON

WORLD'S
GREATEST LIGHTER

AVOID IMITATIONS—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**

Press, it's lit—
Release, it's out!



A favourite Ronson,
the Standard Butler.
Price 38/6.



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Liqueur
to H.M.
King George V



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Liqueur
to H.M.
King Frederik IX



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Liqueur
to H.M.
King Gustaf V



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Liqueur
to H.M.
The Queen of the Netherlands

Precious moments

Through four generations
CHERRY HEERING has
witnessed as well as created
many precious moments.
To-day, supplies are still not
unlimited, but this old Danish
delight will grace your day
whenever and wherever
you meet with it.



CHERRY HEERING

World famous liqueur since 1818

7

Suit by Maenson



It's
the
cut
that
counts

Wherever it goes, a Maenson Suit is admired. The cloth is really good, the fit easy and accurate, but its crowning glory is the cut, which makes all the difference in the world. There is almost certainly a suit to fit you—without waiting. Maenson Agents everywhere have many sizes in stock (S.B. and D.B.) and welcome a visit.*

*For your nearest Maenson Agent's address please write Maenson, 106, Regent Street, London, W.1.

TOOTAL TIES a tonic for Spring

Ties right for every occasion from office conference to a day at the races, at prices so low you can really spread yourself. In long wearing, washable colours that stay bright, and made from fabrics marked "TEBILIZED" for tested crease-resistance. Good stores and men's outfitters can equip you completely with TOOTAL ties at a cost low enough to surprise you.



TOOTAL TIES

crease-resisting and washable

3/- Popular

Standard 3/11 & Sports

5/6 Special

All prices include Purchase Tax. "TOOTAL" and "TEBILIZED" are Registered Trade Marks
TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER, 1

FIRST CHOICE - AND WHY!



Wise motorists usually base their choice of replacement tyres on the recommendation of their Garage—and most Garages recommend John Bull.

Distributed direct from Factory to Garage, the saving in distribution is put into a more generously built tyre, which shows itself in extra reliability and long service.

JOHN BULL

Thicker • Wider • Safer



Every inch a 

If you rate your motoring as a major pleasure you will delight in the new Riley. It is designed by enthusiasts for enthusiasts to bring you superb performance, luxury and safety. But above all—it has character all its own—character which has won a special place in the affections of motorists all over the world.

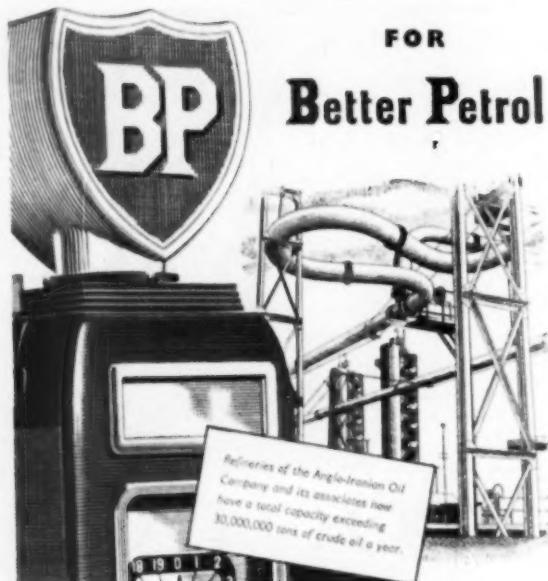
4 cylinder O.H.V. engine embodying the famous Riley cylinder head with hemispherical combustion chamber—'Torsionic' independent front suspension—Girling Hydro-mechanical brakes and a host of fine engineering features combine to give

MAGNIFICENT MOTORING

100 h.p. 2½ litre Saloon £958. Purchase Tax £266.17.2
1½ litre Saloon £714. Purchase Tax £199.18

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division: COWLEY, OXFORD

London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS" 55-56 PALL MALL, S.W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exporters Ltd, Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



Behind the BP trade-mark are all the resources of
ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LTD.,

one of the world's greatest producers of petroleum. When
brands return this will guarantee the quality of BP petrol.



Trade Enquiries: "Don Garcia" Liaison Bureau, 11 Bedford Sq., W.C.1

*Easy to
get up country*

When cables have to be transported to remote situations, the 20% - 70% saving in weight is an even greater factor in favour of

J. & P. SEAMLESS ALUMINIUM SHEATHED CABLES
a factor greatly appreciated by overseas users.

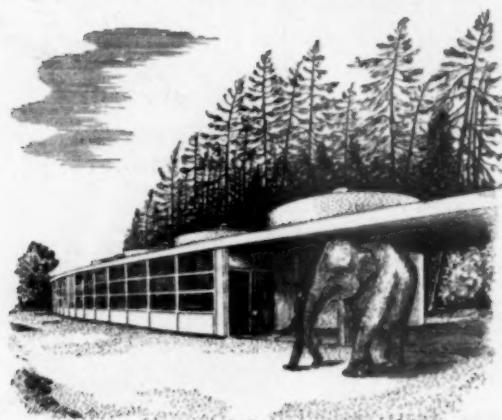


BRITISH PATENT Nos. 627015 & 627793



THE MARK THAT MEANS THAT "LITTLE MORE" IN QUALITY

METAL WINDOWS in the Life of the Nation



Elephant House, Whipsnade

2 GREAT PETER ST. • METAL WINDOW ASSOCIATION • WESTMINSTER S.W.1



AUTOMATIC CONTROL fundamentals

WHEREVER heat enters into an operation or a process, Automatic Control will maintain the right temperature, without supervision, without any possibility of error. It prevents overheating, increases production, cuts out spoilage, saves labour . . . provided you have the RIGHT control for the job. Correct selection is of supreme importance.

DRAYTON manufacture equipment for EVERY type of automatic temperature and pressure control. We do not concentrate on one type which must have its limitations. Our technical staff can advise on any scheme of control, from the widest possible experience. Send us details of the requirements; we will give our unbiased recommendations.

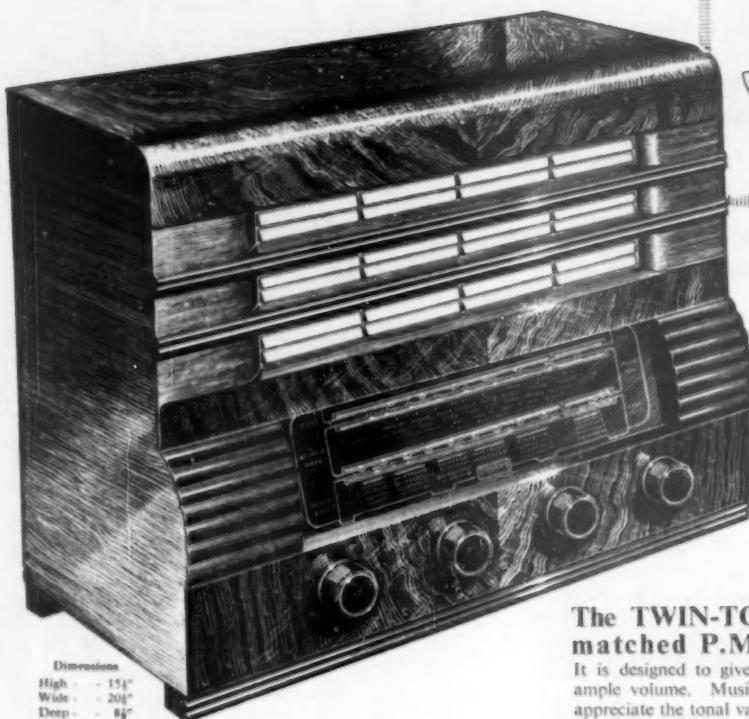


1. Temperature and Pressure Instruments.
2. Relay Regulators.
3. Electric Regulators.
4. Self-operating Regulators.

Drayton
REGULATORS and INSTRUMENTS

DRAYTON REGULATOR & INSTRUMENT CO., LTD., WEST DRAYTON, MIDDLESEX. (West Drayton 2611) A.C.10

Two speakers
are better than one...



RADIO AND
TELEVISION

You'd better get a

**The TWIN-TONE 353 has two
matched P.M. loudspeakers**

It is designed to give superb reproduction with ample volume. Music lovers, in particular, will appreciate the tonal value that this achieves. Like all Regentone models, the Twin-Tone has a beautifully made figured walnut cabinet. It is a 5 valve superhet, operating on 3 wavebands.

£25.0.0

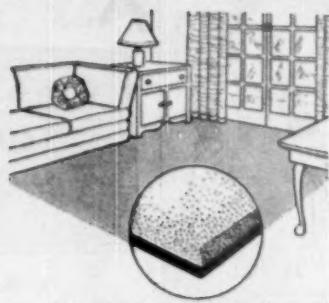
AC or AC/DC Mains. *Tax Paid.*
See and hear this and other Regentone Models at
your dealer's to-day.

REGENTONE

REGENTONE PRODUCTS LTD.,
EASTERN AVENUE,
ROMFORD, ESSEX.

by the sound of it!

'MAYFAIR' CARPETING



Send for Samples

"Mayfair" Needleknit Carpeting is ideal for CLOSE CARPETING—inexpensively—Living Rooms, Bedrooms, Halls, Corridors, Stairs, etc. It wears well and looks very attractive. Because of its special sprayed rubber backing you need no underfelt. It is easily cut for fitting, lies flat, needs no sewing or binding.

In seven colours and three widths

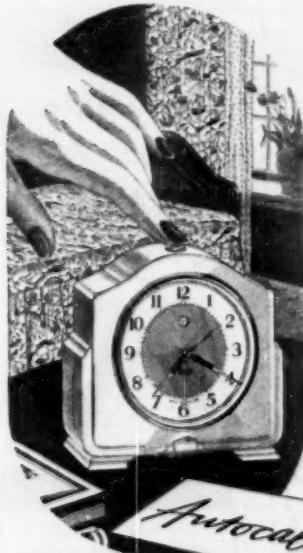
18" wide **9/6** per yard

27" wide **13/3** per yard

54" wide **25/6** per yard

Carriage free. Send 1/- for samples of the seven colours. Deferred terms available.

MAYFAIR MAIL ORDERS LTD.
(Dept. 6A), 16, Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4



It never
forgets to
RESET
ITSELF

The world's finest
Alarm! Fully automatic; no
winding of clock or alarm
mechanism! When knob on
top of case is depressed to stop
Alarm, it rises again on release
automatically resetting alarm
for the following morning. To
cut out alarm you press knob
and twist slightly. Available
in charming pastel shades at
Smiths recognised Stockists
everywhere.

AUTOCAL (luminous)
69/6 incl. P.T.
AUTOLARM (non-luminous)
59/6 incl. P.T.

SMITHS 'SECTRIC'
Fully Automatic ALARMS

★ If you do not enjoy the advantages of A.C. Mains, be sure to get
a Smiths Handwound Alarm from the beautiful range available.

SMITHS ENGLISH CLUCKS LTD., The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd



NEWS! to warm your hearth

The open fire which
need never go out

Here is something new—a cheery OPEN fire such as we love best in these Islands, yet so designed that you can light it in the autumn and it will burn all winter long. At night just bank up, coal dust will do, turn down the control, and your 'AB' will burn slowly until the morning—a gloriously warm room to come down

to, and no messy fire-laying and lighting; then open the air control and add more fuel—you'll have leaping flames within ten minutes. No chilly house for you this winter. From £4.5.3.

Please write for leaflet with
details of colours, and name
of nearest distributor.

AB FIRE

FEDERATED SALES LTD., (Dept. A1), 80, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1



That's a fact. You're literally
airborne when sleeping on a
'Latafoam' mattress. Each of
its microscopic cells inhales and
exhales as the sleeper changes
position. Luxuriously easy 'Latafoam' needs sleeping on to be appreciated.

Latafoam
MATTRESSES
THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD REST

Obtainable from all departmental and furnishing stores everywhere. If you experience any difficulty write to Latafoam (Sofan) Ltd., High Holborn, W.C.1.



**Prompt relief
from
ACIDITY...**

... can be counted on when Milk of Magnesia® is ready to hand in the Medicine Cabinet. This quick acting antacid is especially comforting should you ever eat or drink unwisely, smoke too much or sit up too late. Being also a most effective laxative, 'Milk of Magnesia' will relieve the system—leaving you feeling clear-headed and so much fitter.

'Milk of Magnesia'

SOOTHING, MILD, MILDLY LAXATIVE
Large size 3½ — equals 2 small size 1½
A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE
CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

ETERNA-MATIC
BALL-BEARING
self-winding watches

The ingenious ball-bearing mechanism of these new Eterna-Matic Precision Watches provides noiseless self-winding with over 40 hours' reserve power. The watches illustrated have stainless steel cases. As supplies, limited at present, arrive in Britain, they are immediately delivered to high-class watchmakers. Look for the 5-dot symbol on the dial.



Sole Distributors for Great Britain and Northern Ireland (Wholesale only)
ROBERT PRINGLE & SONS
36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

You wouldn't believe it ...

... no man could believe without proving it personally, just how this modern underwear makes life worth living ... puts him on top of the world! LITESOME does that for over a million men who know the almost fabulous feeling of supreme comfort and well-being ... who also know the scientific way LITESOME absorbs hidden strains —protecting, bracing, revitalising! Every man is a better man with LITESOME, and all Outfitters, Sports Shops and Chemists stock your size. Don't delay!



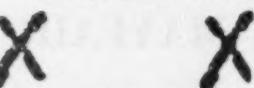
STANDARD MODEL 6/10

MAYFAIR MODEL 16/9

LITESOME SUPPORTER
For men

If your dealer cannot supply, order C.O.D. (state waist size) direct from

FRED HURTELY LTD., VICTORIA MILLS, REIGHLEY, YORKS



**poison
for
teacher**

by the
“incomparable” *

NANCY SPAIN

* says Maurice Richardson
in "The Observer" 10/6

HUTCHINSON

Largest of Publishers



CLOTHS
SCARVES
RUGS

KYNOCH
Keith, Scotland



**SEE
HOW
THEY
RUN**

TELEVISION brings the sights and sounds of the racecourse right into your home. Now you can make your selection as you watch the horses in the paddock ... on parade ... right up to the start. A 'phone call to Cope's and your pleasure is complete. Armchair racegoers find Cope's Confidential Credit Service swift, courteous and reliable. Supported by a 55-year-old tradition of fair dealing, Cope's meet modern needs with modern methods. If you have not already opened a credit account with Cope's, write to-day for Cope's Free illustrated Brochure giving details of their service.

You can depend on COPE'S
DAVID COPE LTD. LONDON E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"



**THE WELL BALANCED
LIQUEUR**

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England

Sole
Importers

W Glendenning & Sons Ltd.
Newcastle upon Tyne 6

**They're PLUS
in quality
because they're
MINUS
seams!**



NO SEAMS TO LEAK OR CRACK

DUNLOP

Best on Earth

World Famous
Play-Boy
'CHUKKA' BOOT



Makers of the famous
"PLAY-BOY" Shoes for
discriminating Men and
Women.



From Scotland
to every corner
of the World



Quality
Yells

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

W.H. SANDERSON & SONS LTD., QUALITY STREET, LONDON AND BATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON



why so many business men

fly AOA to USA

You can save £58 on special round-trip fares if you leave before April 1st *** You fly by **AOA Stratocruisers**, world's largest, most luxurious airliners

You have at your service 77 AOA offices in USA, Canada and Mexico. See your local travel agent or **American Overseas Airlines** 20 St James's St London SW1 Telephone GROSVENOR 3955

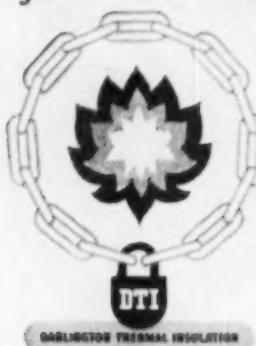
AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES • AMERICAN AIRLINES



Your samples can be sent by the same plane!

AOA specialists in air travel to the **USA**

Darlington 85% Magnesia



DARLINGTON THERMAL INSULATION

Hydrated magnesium carbonate blended, in 85% magnesia coverings, with long fibred asbestos produces the feather-like structure and massed air cells which achieve 90% efficient heat insulation. Only Darlington pharmaceutical quality magnesia is used and entire freedom from corrosive reaction is guaranteed. One or all three of our group of companies is at your service, and personal consultation through our resident representatives in the major industrial areas is readily available on receipt of your enquiry.

Manufacturers
THE CHEMICAL & INSULATING CO. LTD.
DARLINGTON.



Insulation Contractors
THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD.
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

Sheet Metal Fabricators
E. J. TAYLOR & SONS LIMITED, TEAM VALLEY,
GATESHEAD.

165/0

*Talking
at high
pressure
reminds
me of...*



ERMETO

SELF-SEALING SAFETY COUPLINGS

for Gas, Oil and Water pipe lines

Of course if high pressures — up to 20,000 p.s.i. — are your problem you will use Ermeto pipe couplings. In any case the saving they achieve in labour cost is really quite considerable. Ermeto couplings are available in straight or multiple form for steel, copper, brass and aluminium tubes. We shall be glad to send on request further information together with details of Ermeto high-pressure valves, etc.

BRITISH ERMETO CORP LTD

MAIDENHEAD BERKS



BREAKDOWN ON THE TUBE

Emergency calls for replacement of burnt-out boiler tubes are not uncommon, and one of the causes can be scale deposited in the boiler from the water. The modern way of avoiding scale formation in industrial boilers is by conditioning the boiler water with Calgon (sodium metaphosphate) one of Albright & Wilson's phosphates. Calgon not only prevents the formation of scale in boilers but will keep feed pipes and valves clear as well. It will in fact all be clear to you if you will ask for a copy of our technical booklet "Phosphates for Boiler Water Conditioning."

CALGON

a very little Calgon prevents a lot of scale

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD. - Water Treatment Department

49 PARK LANE - LONDON - W1 - Tel: GRO 1311 - Works: Oldbury and Widnes



Before you
build a canoe,
smoke a pipe
with the
Timberman

(Red Indian Proverb)



Whether you plan to build a canoe or a Cunard, it's a good idea to confer first with T.I. Aluminium Ltd. The strength-combined-with-lightness of our alloys (which we manufacture and deliver in the forms of sheet, strip, tubes and extrusions) makes for extra speed and extra cargo capacity... and hence extra earnings for ship-builders and shipowners. Masts, davits, funnels or whole super-structures can all be built of aluminium alloys; and our knowledge and experience of their manufacture can often be of help (landlubbers though we may be) in launching a successful shipbuilding project.

Rodfern Road, Tysley, Birmingham
Tel: Acocks Green 3333

T.I.
Aluminium
LIMITED
A TURE INVESTMENTS COMPANY

The sales and administrative organisation for Reynolds Light Alloys Ltd., Reynolds Rolling Mills Ltd., and The South Wales Aluminium Co., Ltd.

ALUMINIUM AND ALUMINIUM ALLOY INGOT, SLABS, BILLETS, SHEET, STRIP, TUBES AND EXTRUSIONS TO ALL COMMERCIAL, A.I.D. AND LLOYD'S SPECIFICATIONS.

Sales Offices at Birmingham, London, Bristol, Manchester and Glasgow.
Export enquiries should be addressed to T.I. (Export) Limited, 21-23, High Street, Birmingham, 5

When dinner is
over and coffee
is served



ask for
Grand Marnier
France's Finest Liqueur

— AND THE ONLY LIQUEUR MADE EXCLUSIVELY WITH COGNAC BRANDY

SOLE IMPORTERS: L. DODD & CO. LTD. 20, ALBANY

*Les CONTOURS
welcome you
to France*

You will cherish memories of your CONTOURS holiday. Our experience and thoughtful planning will enable you to get the best out of your CONTINENTAL holiday. Before you choose your Continental holiday send for our free illustrated booklet which explains how CONTOURS can offer such wonderful holidays at such economical prices.

TOURS TO THE FRENCH RIVIERA.

Departures DAILY all the year round. Attractive routes cover the Alps and via the Rhône valley. No sight-seeing. Choice of free resorts—NICE, BEAULIEU, MONTE CARLO, MENTON and CANNES. Two excursions included. 7 or 14 days on the Riviera and one whole day free in Paris.

BY COACH 13-day tour 35 gns. 20-day tour 43 gns.
Luxury 15-day tour 55 gns.

BY RAIL 10-day tour £3 17-day tour £41 10.
Extension tours to Italy and Nice can be arranged.

PARIS—the most beautiful capital in Europe. Why not spend a week-end or a week in Paris? Her historical associations, excellent restaurants and entertainments will provide something to suit everyone's taste. All our arrangements include full board at a comfortable hotel, conveyances by car from station and attractive sight-seeing excursions.

8 days holiday £24. 15. 0. Long week-end £15. 15. 0.

Cut out and post this coupon today.

CONTOURS LTD

(Dept. L/2)
73, NEWMAN ST., LONDON, W.1
Please send me immediately your free illustrated brochure giving full details of CONTOURS HOLIDAYS ABROAD for 1950.

My Name
My Address

CONTOURS LTD

73, NEWMAN ST., LONDON, W.1

MUSEUM 8499 and 6463



—this is the SPECIAL lather, prescribed for super-sensitive skins. Mildly medicated. Soothing. Cooling. A joy to skin which tingles, feels taut or becomes inflamed after ordinary shaving.

Cuticura
SHAVING STICK



ALLEN
The
World's
Finest

MOTOR SCYTHE

The most efficient, economical and easy way of keeping down rough growth, coarse grass, bracken, etc. Self-propelled by 1½ h.p. engine. With attachments, it can be used for spraying, hedge cutting, hoing, pumping, sweeping, etc.

DEMONSTRATIONS ARRANGED

For further details write to Dept. P.

JOHN ALLEN & SONS
OXFORD LTD
COWLEY OXFORD Tel. 7155

Entrée to enjoyment...

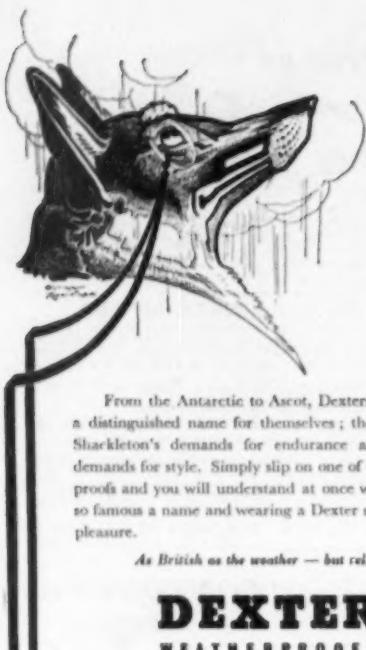
To double your delight in a grand old game, take along a packet of THREE CASTLES—the cigarette for the discerning smoker.



The
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. TT229C



From the Antarctic to Ascot, Dexters have made a distinguished name for themselves; they have met Shackleton's demands for endurance and Society's demands for style. Simply slip on one of our weather-proofs and you will understand at once why Dexter is so famous a name and wearing a Dexter so practical a pleasure.

As British as the weather — but reliable.

DEXTER WEATHERPROOFS

Obtainable from Leading Outfitters Everywhere.

WALLACE, SCOTT & COMPANY LIMITED • CATHCART • GLASGOW

1850 — 1950

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS & SERVICE

The Isle of Thanet Building Society — assets £7,000,000 — celebrates its centenary this year and invites investments up to £5,000.

2 $\frac{1}{4}$ % NET

WITHOUT DEPRECIATION

is offered by the

Isle of THANET BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE RAMSGATE

PH Assets £7,000,000.

Please send Brochure and Society's Balance Sheet.

Name

Address

LONDON 99 Baker St. W.1.

Phone: WELbeck 0028



For those carefree weekend hours, when the liver is shed with workaday livery, and raiment expresses the ego . . . 'Chetwynd' revives the youth of the older tweeds, restrains the exuberance of the new.

Church's famous English shoes

'Chetwynd', a craftsman's job, smooth or reversed calf. Made at Northampton

like father - like son



like **Mentor** shirts

Obtainable from most of the leading outfitters and stores
W. M. Miller & Co. Ltd., Established 1877

FELLS MANZANILLA SHERRY

VERY FINE NATURAL
DRY SHERRY —
FULL FLAVOURED

*Shippers of fine wines
for a century*



SOLE IMPORTERS JOHN E. FELLS & SONS LTD
LONDON, E.C.1

MEMO

TO: Managing Director
FROM: Chief Engineer

Have today visited Newton, Chambers of Sheffield. They can supply their 1 yard N.C.K. Heavy Duty Excavators, as quoted, with guaranteed delivery within one month from date of order.

Digging and loading capacity 120 tons per hour. In view of machine's outstanding quality and exceptional delivery, I recommend Board sanctions immediate order.

ESCAPE TO THE PAST

A bath in champagne

MID the splendour and opulence of the Elizabethan Court, fashionable ladies enjoyed a lavish Beauty Ritual. After first washing their faces with steaming water, they used to lave their glowing features in wine.

This induced a pink, ruddy bloom so radiant that many women began to take their bath in a favourite vintage. And younger women, restricted to milk, longed for the day when they, too, could sport themselves in Burgundy.

It is safe to assume that the original bubble-baths comprised three or four dozen magnums of the finest Champagne. And, as more and more ladies sought the enhancing properties of the wine bath, the practice became exaggerated. Mary, Queen of Scots, even attempted to pass a

special Bill through Parliament authorizing an increase in her allowance so that she might luxuriate more frequently.

Indeed, when Thomas Campion, in the throes of Elizabethan ardour, wrote "There is a *Garden in her Face*", he may well have meant "Vineyard".

Today, little remains of that age of blithe extravagance. We can still thrill to the snowy splendour of the Matterhorn or the grace of a Sheraton table. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed, by hand, in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

"PERFECTOS FINOS"

CIGARETTES

P.R.A.



DAIMLER BRINGS DIGNITY TO GREAT EVENTS

The Daimler has a majesty of movement, a quiet unharried stateliness, that the greatest occasion could require. And it has, too, that inbred excellence of engineering design and craftsmanship which the world associates with the name 'Daimler'.

THE DAIMLER CO. LTD. • COVENTRY & LONDON



"STRICTLY PERSONAL"

For the OFFICE and For the HOME

Here is the self-contained "secretarial" unit. . . . It is especially for business men who have to keep their papers filed nearby—on their desk or side-table. It also helps where space and staff shortages are problems. The Unit contains either the famous flat-topped Shannograph files or the Shannoblic adjustably-tabbed files. Which you have depends on your needs. The flat-topped type permits fuller designation (plus address, phone number etc.). It can also be signalled for action and "progressed" daily and otherwise. The tabbed type is probably more widely used for general correspondence. Just send 67/3d. for foolscap size or 57/3d. quarto.



And have you seen the new Personal Portable Home File? The efficiency of your office in your home. This totally enclosed metal attaché-case file, complete with lock and key, will enable you to keep a check which on your personal affairs—letters, bills, receipts, tax returns, etc. Costs only 7s 9d. foolscap; or 6s 9d. quarto. Just tear out this announcement and send with remittance for despatch within 48 hours.

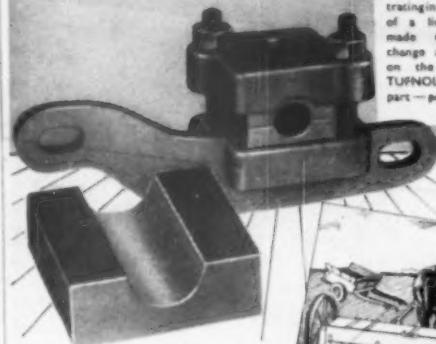
Shannon Systems
FIRST IN FILING

THE SHANNON LTD., 662, Shannon Corner,
New Malden, Surrey.

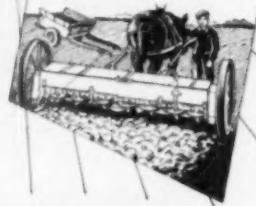
Branches: Kingsway, London; Birmingham; Bristol;
Cardiff; Glasgow; Leeds; Leicester; Liverpool; Manchester;
Newcastle; Southampton.



In the limelight



No, sir, not the principal boy... but the principle, rather, that lime, penetrating into the bearing of a lime spreader, made them quick-change artists down on the farm until TUFNOL took over the part—permanently.



In practice it was found impossible to retain lubricants in lime spreader bearings. Consequently these had to be changed every season, until Tufnol bearings took their place. Now, after 4 years' trouble-free service, wear is negligible. Practically every industry has discovered the value of Tufnol—not only as a non-metallic bearing material, but for thousands of other uses. Can Tufnol improve your products or plant?

TUFNOL
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

An ELLISON Product
Easy to machine . . . Light in weight . . . Acid
resisting . . . Electrical insulator . . . Made in
shells, tubes, and rods.

TUFNOL LTD. · PERRY BARR · BIRMINGHAM · 22B

210A



THE LITTLE THAT MATTERS SO MUCH

The test of aspirin is its purity. Just because of its purity Howards Aspirin costs a little more.

HOWARDS ASPIRIN

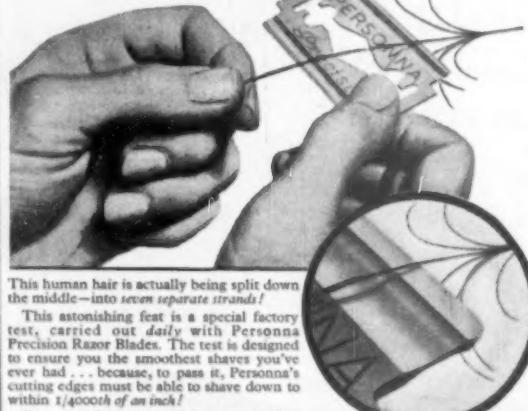
It is not the cheapest
—it is the best.



Made by HOWARDS
OF ILFORD
Established 1797

REMARKABLE HAIR-SPLITTING TEST

Why Personna Shaves Closest



This human hair is actually being split down the middle—into seven separate strands!

This astonishing feat is a special factory test, carried out daily with Personna Precision Razor Blades. The test is designed to ensure you the smoothest shave you've ever had . . . because, to pass it, Personna's cutting edges must be able to shave down to within 1/4000th of an inch!

Personna Precision Blades are hollow ground, leather-strapped, and rust-resistant. No wonder they shave closer and give up to twice as many shaves as ordinary blades. Buy Personna today!

In packets of
5 for 1/3 (incl. tax)
and
10 for 2/6 (incl. tax)

PERSONNA
Precision Blades

This picture shows a human hair split down the middle into seven separate strands—a special test carried out daily in the Personna Razor Blade factory!



Carry Instant Breathing Comfort
IN YOUR POCKET!

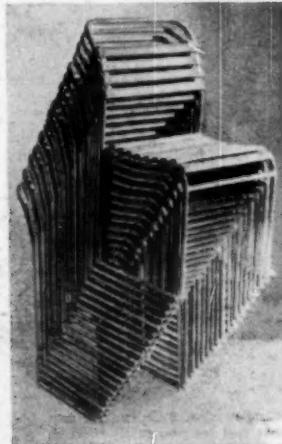
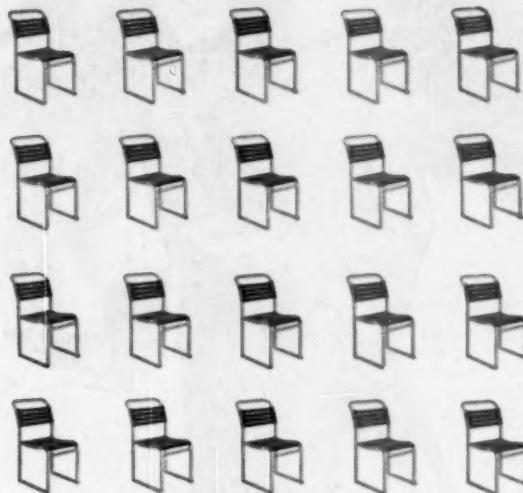
SO HANDY—Carry it with you in pocket or handbag—neat, feather-weight Vick Inhaler. It's tiny, but loaded full of soothing, nose-clearing medication.

EASY TO USE—Wherever you happen to be, as often as you need it, just unscrew the cap and put the tip of Vick Inhaler right into each stuffy nostril in turn. B-R-E-A-T-H-E and—quick as a breath!—your nose feels delightfully cool and clear. So pleasant. And convenient! Try it!

USE AS OFTEN AS NEEDED

VICK INHALER

20 INTO I WILL GO!



In little more than twenty seconds, twenty Pel Nesting Chairs can become one small neat stack. A hall-full of comfortable seats when you need them, a hall-full of floor space when you don't! Strong enough to seat heavy-weight champions; light enough for the lightest lightweight to move a whole stack with ease. Made of tubular steel, rust proofed and stove enamelled, these are the chairs for any organisation with a seating problem on its mind. The design shown is RP6 with wood slats. Other models are available; may we send you details of the complete range?

PEL CHAIRS NEST



MADE BY PEL LTD. · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM

London Showrooms : 15, Henrietta Place, London, W.1

A  COMPANY

www.sankey.co.uk

It's sheer Luxury
cycling on
a Sunbeam

Sunbeam Sports Tourist Model SW3

Note thin frame of Reynolds' S31 tubing; Dunlop tourist girth tyres; B.S.A. 3-speed hub gear (optional extra); B.S.A. map control (Tourist grip control extra); New all-rounders handlebar; Sunbeam little oil bath etc.; prices £18. 17. 5. (inc. Tax); B.S.A. Hubite as above; £2. 6. 9. extra (inc. Tax). Finished in Sunbeam Green; 7.5 extra (inc. Tax).



You're in the best of
company with a

SUNBEAM

Send coupon today for Sunbeam Bicycle Catalogue to:
SUNBEAM CYCLES LTD., 10, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11.

Name _____

Address _____

WHEELS...
and WHAT-
HAVE-YOU?



There's an engineering company in Shropshire who are past masters of the manipulation of sheet, strip and plate steel. Fifty years ago, for example, they started people thinking about pressed steel wheels. To-day they are still Britain's leading wheel-makers—first into production with the new wide-base rim. Much more than that, they are producers of pressed and welded steel articles in great variety and greater quantity, from chassis frames and small components to complete agricultural implements, from metal trim to metal furniture. Their facilities and experience are so extensive that there is really no manufacture of this nature which they cannot undertake—on a sizeable scale.

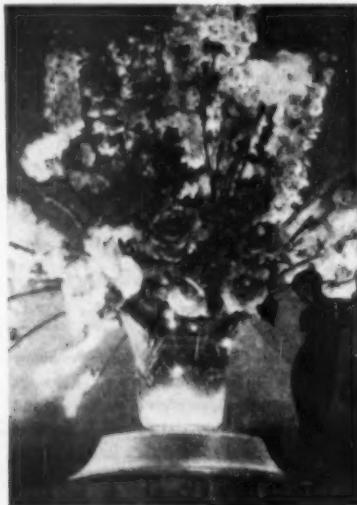
ASK **Sankey** OF WELLINGTON

Joseph Sankey & Sons Ltd., Hadley Castle Works, Wellington, Shropshire
Phone : 500 Wellington, Shropshire. Telegrams : Sankey, Wellington, Shropshire.

**COMPLETE
WORLD-WIDE
BANKING SERVICE**

With the immense strength of its combined resources and experience, the Three Banks Group is exceptionally well-equipped to fulfil the many varied functions of a modern Banking Service. Although the Group serves the interests of many large and important concerns, it is careful to preserve the personal touch that has been a tradition of each of its members during two centuries.

ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND
Founded 1727 Edinburgh, London and Branches
GLYN, MILLS & CO.
Founded 1753 London
WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LIMITED
Founded 1771 Manchester, London and Branches



**SEE THE
REAL BEAUTY
OF FLOWERS**

in a new light. Here is something new in lighting effects, enhancing the flowers in all their glory, and adding charm to your decorative scheme by the diffused light which shines from the plinth through the vase and its floral contents.

The Plinth, elegantly styled and beautifully finished in pastel enamels, is mounted on three rubber feet for furniture protection, equipped with heavy top glass, shock-proof porcelain lamp-holder and three yards of flexible cord.

From most good electrical stores or direct if unable to obtain.

30/-
each, Tax paid

**R.E.A.L.
PLINTH LIGHT**

If you have a R.E.A.L. Plinth you needn't tell your friends about it — they'll tell YOU! Send for Free coloured illustrated brochure

ROWLANDS ELECTRICAL ACCESSORIES LTD. R.E.A.L. WORKS, BIRMINGHAM 18



Elected for Spring

The Topcoat answers your immediate need of a dependable coat of excellent quality and tailoring that will see you safely through the changing weather. In a wide selection of Scotch or West of England coatings, and available in various fittings.

£22. 15 . 10

The Soft Hat is of best quality fur felt, light in weight, and adaptable to formal or casual shape. Colours: green, grey, medium brown, dark brown or fawn.

50/-

A man's shopping is an easy, pleasant matter at Harrods where you will find the widest range of clothing and accessories for all occasions.

Harrods
MAN'S SHOP

HARRODS LTD

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1



CHARIVARIA

SIXTEEN tons of coal caught fire in a truck at Dagenham. No doubt the National Coal Board will see to it that this story gets about as widely as possible.

Plans are under consideration for the construction of an underground railway in Melbourne. The main difficulty in those parts is to protect the workmen's heads from falling debris when they are sinking the lift shafts.

Soviet astronomers claim that the earth has a "tail" of gas stretching sixty to eighty thousand miles into space. British astronomers think it may tend to dissipate after February 23.



Because of restrictions on the use of motor cars many voters propose to get to the polling booths on horseback. This distributes the risk of being unseated fairly between candidates and electors.

Electoral Candour

"Mr. W. B. Kilby, Chairman of the Crowe Divisional Labour Party, in a statement to *The Chronicle*, said, 'Labour enters in the forthcoming election campaign with unfounded hope and confidence . . .'"

Provincial paper

The falling-off in the consumption of beer of which the trade now complains was emphasized in a magistrate's court recently when a meticulous reveller admitted having had one over the six.



Safety First
"Pierce with a pin to release vacuum. Then push off."
Instructions on the lid of a jam-jar

The Nyasaland authorities have decided to thin the crocodiles in Lake Nyasa. They might start by putting "Beware of the Crocodiles" notices round the edges.

Five thousand two hundred and eighty people sat down to "the world's biggest banquet" in Washington last week, at a cost of £35 a head. 135 chefs prepared the meal, which was served by 550 waiters equipped with 5,600 dinner plates and knives, 11,000 forks and spoons, 1,100 ice buckets and 16,000 salad plates. The Russians are believed to be working on something even bigger.



"*Ilford Recorder*"
Two guesses at the politics of this paper.

Experts declare themselves to be completely satisfied with progress on the foundations for the Festival of Britain. In some quarters, however, it is believed that taxpayers are getting a trifle worried about the ceiling.

"SERIES OF SHOP RAID:
MAN FOR TRIAL

LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR
SOUTH ILFORD?"
"Ilford Recorder"

A LAST WORD TO THE FLOATERS

O SCUM of the Electorate
Whose vacillating heart is
Unclaimed by the protectorate
Of either of the Parties,
Politely let me woo you,
However plain your features,
And say some home truths to you,
You nasty looking creatures.

Unless you vote sincerely
Unprompted by the devil
The sides may come out nearly,
Aye more, precisely level.
And where would England be then
If, indolence so trumpery
Exposed her to the heathen—
A byword for Mugwumpery!

Why, damned to all perdition,
A land without a master,
Foredoomed to Coalition
And weltering in disaster;

EVOE

THE WOMAN AND THE RAILWAY

THE woman seethed with indignation. "Marched me across to the ticket office, practically as if I was under arrest!"

The man asked "Who did?"

"The ticket collector. Who else would it be? As if it hadn't been enough already to make me nearly miss the train!"

The man seemed to be puzzled. "The ticket collector?"

The woman rejected the suggestion with scorn. "The ticket-collector! The railway, of course! The ten-twenty-five I was supposed to be on to London. Fancy having it standing in the same platform with the ten-eight in the first place!"

The man endeavoured to be reasonable. "They're on opposite sides of the platform, though. There isn't any confusion."

The woman brushed the intervention aside. "They let me go through the barrier, and didn't say a word to me that I oughtn't to get on it."

The man was struggling to keep up with her. "The ten-eight!"

"No, the ten-twenty-five. I found myself travelling in the

This home of Kings and fighters
And Constitution-shapers
Depends on you, you blighters,
And how you mark your papers.

Come up then and deliver
This crisis-fronted nation
By waddling from the river
Up to the polling station;
Momentous now and dark as is
The hour, there's worse to follow
Unless you leave your carcasses
Out of your miry wallow.

Forsake your imperviousness,
Desert your river reaches,
You comatose Amphibians
For whom I make my speeches!
Consider in the process
How weary and how hot am I,
Come out and give your crosses
To me, you Hippopotami!

EVOE

E

"I told him it was on the right platform, number four."

"He said 'I suppose you went up the front of the platform?'

"I told him I did."

"He said 'That's where you made your mistake, you see. Only the back portion of the train was travelling. The front portion was uncoupled and taken into the sheds for cleaning. They'd have told you at the barrier, only I suppose they thought you were travelling on the ten-eight.'"

The man looked as if a matter which had been troubling him was on the point of being made clear. "But why *didn't* you travel on the ten-eight?" he asked.

The woman disdained to enter into explanations. "Because I thought I'd travel on the ten-twenty-five. But I'm *telling* you!" she continued. "The primitive things that happened after that you'd never believe! I was *lifted* down *body* on to the permanent way, and we *walked* back to the station along the rails! We passed a signal box on the journey, and the man in it looked down out of his window, and the guard person *shouted* to him to tell them to hold the ten-twenty-five."

"Was it still there when you got there?" the man inquired, interested.

"There!" asked the woman. "Well, I should jolly well think it *was* there."

"Was it late?"

"Well, of course it was late. You didn't expect me to hurry, in high heels, on all that clinker, and tripping over sleepers and things?"

"But weren't the people in the train annoyed?"

"They seemed to be getting a bit impatient. Are you trying to put me in the wrong?" she demanded.

"No, of course not. But when did the ticket collector march you across to the ticket office, you said?"

The woman seethed again at the reminder of her wrongs. "That was at the other end. It was ridiculous," she said. "My season ticket happened to be out of date."



THE VOTER IN WONDERLAND

VI. THE ENEMY OF DEMOCRACY or "Beware the Jabberwock, my son!"



"I still think it would be unsporting to print more tickets than the stadium holds."

THAT MYSTERIOUS BUSINESS

"YOU see it at election times, of course," said Cogbottle.

"You see *everything* at election times," Upfoot replied. "I saw a man this morning with a pea-shooter, firing at the bills in people's windows. Gave me quite a turn; I hadn't seen a pea-shooter for twenty-five years."

"The last pea-shooter I saw," said Cogbottle, "was truncated by the chemistry master at school. He used to cut a bit off it and put a piece of sodium inside, and then drop it into water. I forgot what that demonstrated; something."

"Wonderful thing, education."

"But those very bills in people's windows that you mentioned," Cogbottle said at length, briskly, "exemplify what I was talking about. I mean that mysterious business, it's a sort of mild exhibitionism,

the mysterious business of wanting other people to know that you like or don't like something."

"This is the sort of person I am," said Upfoot.

"Exactly, that's what it comes down to."

"Then I don't see that it's mysterious at all. Perfectly natural egotism."

"Ah, but the mysterious point," Cogbottle said, "is the *unreasoningness* of it. These are tastes or prejudices that have no sense in them whatever."

"Is this the moment for you to strike at the very roots of the democratic system?"

"Oh, forget the bills in people's windows—they're merely the same *sort* of thing. I admit people will give you reasons for those. But they can't give you a reason for disliking—well, for disliking the look of a soft collar with long points, say; and yet they'll—"

"I see," said Upfoot. "And yet they'll be really

passionately anxious not to be thought the sort of people who *like* the look of a soft collar with long points. Yes, it is mysterious . . . Personally *I* can't stand—"

"One of the most popular things—"

"*I* can't stand—"

"It's always very popular—"

"What makes *me* feel—"

"You're just providing an example of what I'm saying," Cogbottle broke in firmly. "You want to thrust one of *your* baseless antipathies into the discussion. I was going to say among the most popular things you can write and publish is a simple list of unreasonable likes or dislikes. It's popular not because people like to read about yours but because it makes them think of their own. They write to you immediately, telling you all about their own, as if it was clever."

"Well, there you are," said Upfoot. "Egotism."

"You mean it gives them satisfaction to imply, say, 'Look at me, I'm the sort of extraordinary character that can't stand the sight of a book with a blue cover, though I rather like the look of a magazine with a blue cover'?"

"Sort of," said Upfoot after reflection.

Cogbottle said "But that ignores my point—the emotion, the feeling. Seems to me the whole point is that these people would be honestly uneasy and upset to feel that they were thought to like something they really hate or to hate something they're really fond of. That's all very well with important things, or even

with politics, but when it comes to absolutely senseless things like—"

"Careful," Upfoot interrupted. "You may be within an ace of speaking of the prejudice I nurse."

"Ah, but that might not matter. My experience of these things is that they aren't hotly defended. A man who loathes marmalade or belted overcoats is perfectly willing to admit that there are estimable people who like them; he won't try to convince anybody else. What he can't bear is the thought that some ignorant bystander might mistake *him* for a man who likes marmalade or belted overcoats. The idea makes him shudder. Now why on earth should it?"

"A psychiatrist could tell you," said Upfoot. "A psychiatrist would easily discover that, many years ago, this man—"

"All right, all right."

"Well, he would," said Upfoot, looking offended. "If it's unreasoning it's always something like that."

"So psychiatry would explain the whole thing?"

"Certainly."

"If there's one thing that annoys me," said Cogbottle, "it's having a point of intellectual curiosity smoothly explained away by—"

"Oh, there are a lot of things that annoy *me*," said Upfoot. "Listen."

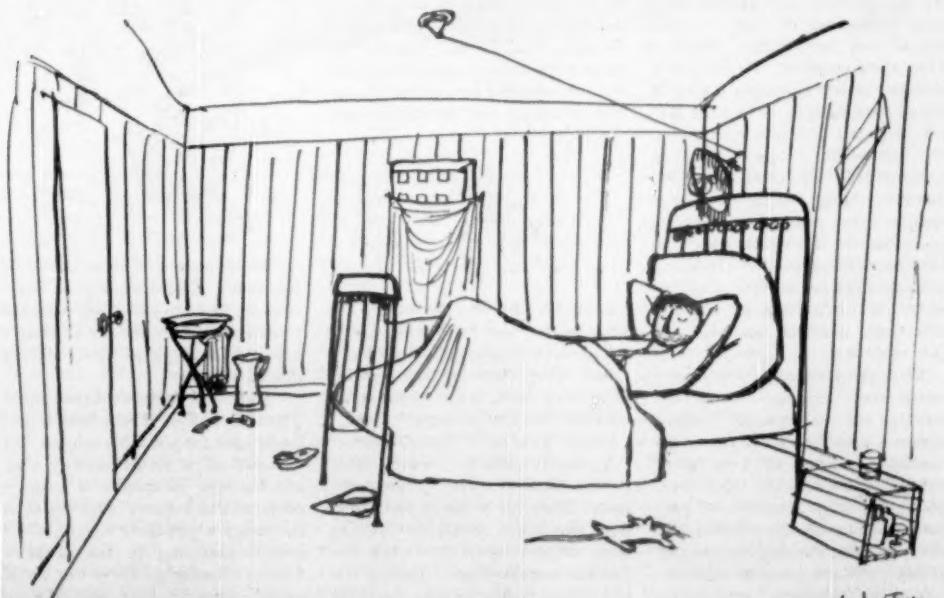
RICHARD MALLETT

 • •

"Tradition in this country is rapidly dying, and to encourage the children to do so is sheer lunacy."

"Modern Education"

Hear, hear!



SHOW FOR SHOWMEN

The Amusement Trades Exhibition

WE had always associated the Royal Horticultural Society with flowers, but the great height of their New Hall suggests trees rather than flowers, at least any flowers we can imagine ourselves growing. Thus we started a visit to the three-day Amusement Trades Exhibition perplexed by the setting, and we were increasingly moidered as the morning went by. Under the cathedral-high concrete vaults the hygienic stands, garish music, glitter of chromium and omnipresence of dolls made a sinister display, a perfect setting for a Graham Greene opening. What dry-mouthed fears pattered behind the stalls, what bleary fugitives had just dived for evanescent safety behind that wafting curtain, what was making the eyes of that kangaroo-sized rabbit glitter so furtively? We glanced suspiciously at Mr. Punch's Artist and thought we heard a faint halo of zither music round his head.

Many of the stalls were devoted to prizes—"Swag" in the patois of the Fairground—and among these were a number of dolls, animal, human and borderline. Most of them were noseless. It was not a complete noselessness but a kind of hinted noselessness. The nose was indicated but not proceeded with. The footballers in one of the coin machines were also ultra-snub. Mr. Punch's Artist suggested that aquiline noses protrude and might get caught in the works while the dolls were being made. This improbable explanation deepened our doubts. He obviously knew why the dolls were noseless but was not allowed to say.

The other prizes were more normal and, compared with the shoddy, sub-commercial, white elephants that used to be forced on reluctant winners, of very good quality, especially the glassware. Indeed, the high standard of production among all the exhibits was one of the more cheering surprises of the day. Britain can sure make it. Some of the "Dodgem" and scenic railway cars could be exported as

chassis for the luxury motor trade. The mechanical organs, coin machines, and candy-floss mixers were lovely jobs, up-to-the-second means to very traditional ends.

The Show Business has lost something of course since it departed from its cosy, old-fashioned, colourful settings. The heraldic animals have gone from the roundabouts, and swing-boats no longer have figureheads like State Barges. Only in the background of a few of the gift machines does tradition linger on: these still have the look of a pantomime transformation scene. However, the things that people actually do at fairs are much the same as they always were. Modernization does not extend beyond mechanization and streamlining. Probably, with all this education about, showmen, like publishers of popular magazines, will have to do something about Culture soon. The Ghost Train with its skeletons and gorilla seems almost homely compared with what a Dali would make of it.

There were fewer Mechanical Dramas than we had hoped. We missed the squat castle from which a party emerged to conduct a roadside execution, and the only fire was



one which provided an excuse for firemen to race up ladders, the winner's driver getting his money back. Peepshows are more varied than they used to be. One stand offered "The Evil Michael Strogoff," "Venus Awakes," "The Outlaws," "A Pretty Catch," and "Here Comes Charlie." The spicier peepshow, however, is much the same, with the ladies grimly devoted to their artistic duties in rather un-lived-in surroundings. During the last thirty years the area revealed has increased by about two inches;

progress will probably be even more glacial in the future.

Everywhere there seemed to be puppets that jiggled and nodded, on the tops of cases, presiding over ice-cream mixers, catching one's eye menacingly round corners. A clown played a piano and a fortune-teller not only stared like a basilisk that had caught a basilisk's eye but flapped his ears in a slow and meaningful way. One machine uninvitingly invited you to have your mind read by television. We fled to a machine called "The Love Meter," which graded women in such broad categories as "Cuddlesome" and "Dominating."

One group of ingenious machines did Magic. The customer got a private show of a conjuring trick and a notice on the front of the case asked him searching questions about how it was done. A cardboard skeleton with delirium tremens, and a number of toys which worked when windswept by an electric fan increased the variety of this stall. Any visitor who felt mentally and emotionally over-stimulated would



no doubt make for some music at this point. There was a good selection of juke boxes—if for once the term is being accurately applied—one of them offering a choice of forty different tunes.

Here and there we found other Visual Delights. There were mural landscapes for pin-table saloons and a model of a scenic railway that ran through mountainous country coloured like a desert, with a pool in the valley where there stood a silver female glittering in the periodic flash of a spotlight. There was also a model showing how the Marine Caves at Rhyl had been converted



into a representation of King Neptune's cavern. Previously the caves had displayed a Martian scene, but this had not survived Allied Occupation during the war. (Addicts of Beauty Spot Rescue Work may be frustrated to learn that the caves are plasterwork and indoors.) King Neptune's harem was gracefully disposed on water lilies, or perhaps lotuses, and the general effect was like "Comus" produced by Prince Littler.

It was, as you can see, a variegated morning and one demanding considerable flexibility in the attention. Scarcely had one taken in the display of "Our Dumb Friends League" than one was gazing moderately agog at Cash Registers or at a Radio, which,

among much else, kept an ear open for crying babies and burglars. The Show business is much wider than you expect, and its annual exhibitions, of which this was the sixth, have to cover a lot of ground.

The various sections in the Trade have their own Associations for protection, one of them presided over by Mr. Butlin himself, and various jealousies kept them apart for some time. However, after a meeting in the fraternal atmosphere of the House of Commons smoking-room, they agreed to work together and start these invaluable meetings, strictly confined to the Trade, at which the latest fashions are displayed before shrewd but convivial buyers. At the moment the Trade is co-operating in the great opportunity

provided by the Festival of Britain, for which, no doubt, back-tent boys are working overtime.

We found the return to ordinary life bemusing. In the Underground, if you got nothing out of the ticket machines you rang a bell and complained. At Victoria the train indicator was a kind of Late-Venetian blind, worked by clattering machinery with a lamp-lighter's pole used for afterthoughts—not an illuminated screen flashing with electronics. What seats there were were stationary and never soared and dipped. Our train left *sans* skeleton, *sans* spider and *sans* gorilla. The chill hand unclutched our spine and we suddenly realized that Mr. Punch's Artist was no longer there.

R. G. G. PRICE

AT THE PICTURES

Twelve O'Clock High—It's a Great Feeling

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH (Director: HENRY KING) is an outstanding example of the sort of war film that Hollywood has lately begun to turn out so well. The emotional predicament on which it is based—the conflict in a commanding officer's mind between his determination that his unit shall achieve its purpose and his concern for his men—is an old one, and has been treated in films as much as anywhere else. What gives it special force in this instance is, first, the apparent authenticity, and the casual skill in presentation, of the details of life on a U.S. airfield in England in 1942-3; and, second, the way the thunderous climax is approached and the brilliant editing of the shots that compose it. As in *Task Force*, these battle pictures were "photographed in actual combat," and the craft with which they have been fitted together to give an impression of air fighting is sensational. The result is aimed straight at your spine. It was possible to take a mainly visual interest in the battle scenes in *Task Force*, exciting as they were; those in *Twelve O'Clock High* are designed to make an almost physical impact on the beholder. The story leading up to them concerns a Bomber Group with a morale problem; a new C.O. is appointed and sets out to solve it the hard way, by peremptory harshness and discipline. The pilots promptly put in for transfers, but in an interval of delay his personality and his methods have time to make

such an effect that they withdraw their applications. GREGORY PECK as the commander is very good indeed, and all the other men in the cast (there is only one woman, who appears for only a few moments) play with an expertise that is a great satisfaction to watch. The usual question of patriotism has been brought up—most writers comment with satisfaction on a reference in the dialogue to the activities of "the British," others seem to think it inadequate—but I don't see that the point is at all important in this story, which is, after all, about one group of Americans. (Though even I could wish that a slight jerk in the picture just beforehand didn't make me wonder by the way whether that particular passage appears at all in the film as shown in the U.S.)

The songs and the music in *It's a Great Feeling* (Director: DAVID BUTLER) are not very distinguished—I have been trying ever since I saw it to eradicate the memory of a deathly rather than deathless couplet, sung not less than twice, which runs "It's reely quite reegretful That my heart is so forgetful"—but as a whole it is a cheerful and amusing piece of nonsense. Set in Hollywood, it enables Warner Brothers to fill every odd corner with a glimpse of one of their stars,



[It's a Great Feeling

Falling Star

Judy Adams—DORIS DAY

every one of whom plays a little comedy scene; apart from this it is as full as a half-hour radio show of wisecracks, most of them on the radio-show personal-abuse formula. JACK CARSON, appearing as himself, is understood to be a character no one will willingly work with; when he is put into a film Hollywood has to be combed for somebody not appalled by the prospect of directing it, and the only way out is that he shall direct it himself. And so on. DENNIS MORGAN, too, appears as himself. DORIS DAY plays with considerable sparkle a studio waitress trying to become a star, and there are surprisingly many touches of genuine satire.

* * * * *

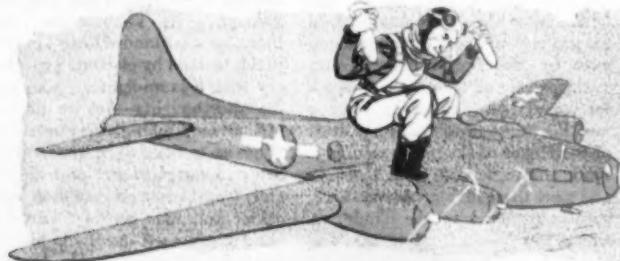
Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Other rewarding London shows: *Bicycle Thieves* (11/1/50), *Golden Salamander* (15/2/50), and *Adam's Rib*, a bright trifle, with well-written dialogue and felicitous playing.

Among the releases—*The Blue Lamp* (1/2/50), and *Sand* (25/1/50), one of those horse stories in very attractive Technicolor. *Letter from an Unknown Woman* (Director: MAX OPHÜLS) never had a Press show or a London run, but is worth looking out for—a gentle romantic tragedy of old Vienna with real style about it.

RICHARD MALLETT



Avenging Angel
Brigadier Savage—GREGORY PECK

[Twelve O'Clock High

X EQUALS O

"WELL, we may as well get it over, dear. Put your hat and coat on."

"I don't think I shall bother."

"Dorothy! How can you! A simple duty to perform once in five years, and you don't think you'll bother!"

"All the same . . ."

"Elections have been won and lost by two votes, you know."

"Not this one."

"You never know, dear. Come on, it won't take ten minutes."

"Who're you voting for?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Dorothy: Digby, of course."

"I thought so."

"You don't mean to sit there and tell me you'd vote for that Motting!"

"I certainly do. Seems a decent enough type to me. His wife's nice too."

"But he's a——: you can't vote——!"

"I'm for Motting. Definitely."

"Well, it's too late to argue. We won't vote at all: that settles it."

"But you must vote, John, even if I don't."

"No, dear, if you really mean it about Motting I don't think I ought to vote. It would seem like taking a mean advantage. Besides, I'm pretty tired."

"But I insist, John. Look: you sit here and I'll go and vote for your precious Digby."

"You've just said that you'd vote for Motting."

"Yes, I would. But I'm not voting, so I'll vote in your place, for Digby, on my ballot paper."

"But why?"

"Because you're tired. Because you really want to vote, while I don't really care whether I vote or not."

"Let's both vote!"

"No, that would be silly: we'd just cancel out."

"You mean you're prepared to vote for Digby just to please me?"

"Because you're tired."

"Then let's both vote for Digby."

"No, I couldn't do that, you stay here and keep warm. I won't be long."

"Come back, Dorothy!"

"I'm going to vote for Digby: my mind's made up."

"I won't have you debasing yourself like this: if you vote for Digby I shall vote for Motting. I swear it."

"But you're tired, John. And I'd like to do it for you."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure!"

"Sure you'd vote as you say? Sure you haven't already voted?"

"Now we're going to quarrel!"

"I shouldn't like to think you'd double-cross me."

"I like that. What about you double-crossing me! How do I know you'd vote for Motting!"

"Because I said I would: that's why."

"Very well: I shall vote for Digby because I said so."

"Come on then. Get your hat and coat on."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Shepperton. On top of station. Det. bungalow: 3 beds, bath, large lounge, garage."—"Surrey Herald" Trains pass the cellar.



DINNER WITH THE FORESTERS

WHEN Desmond Hatch, the young man spending the weekend in the village, was asked to dinner with some people called Forester he got ready with the confidence of a semi-intellectual Londoner about to bring a bit of colour into local life. He was going alone because his host and hostess had had to rush off somewhere suddenly, but they had promised him a nice quiet evening. He was worried that these Foresters might want him to play bridge, but he could always say he didn't know how. He put on his grey suit and the better of his two ties, and at the Foresters' front gate he removed his bicycle-clips and squeezed the creases back into his turn-ups.

The door opened, and against the hospitable blaze of light Desmond saw an extraordinary shape. It was the shape of a Polar explorer or bear. When he got near he realized that it must be Mr. Forester, wearing a vast shaggy windcheater of brushed brown wool and dungarees tucked into mosquito-boots.

"Come in, come in!" cried Mr. Forester. "This is awfully nice of you. What weather! DARLING! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH! Martha will chop wood," he explained to Desmond as the back door exploded and a young woman appeared. She wore a red velvet dinner-dress and magnificent ear-rings, and carried a bicycle-lamp, an axe and an armful of split logs.

Desmond thought he had better explain about his suit. "I'm awfully sorry I look like this, but I didn't bring—oh, I say, let me."

"Most certainly not," said Mrs. Forester, thrusting the logs and a bucketful of coal at her husband. "Here, you're dressed. You fix the fire and get Mr. Hatch a drink and I'll do something about my appearance. Why, Cecilia!" The front door had opened to let in a black retriever and another young woman, who when she had taken off a tartan rug was seen to be wearing a dirndl skirt, a man's shirt, a schoolboy's cricket-belt, pearls and fur boots.

"John is in his bath," said Cecilia, unzipping her boots but leaving them on. "Look, Martha"—she held up a jar of what Desmond took to be pickled tadpoles—"but the boned chicken has disappeared. Shall I ring John to bring the bacon? It's Australian ham really."

"Oh, goodness no," said Mrs. Forester, unzipping her own fur boots, "because I thought we'd have that complicated rice thing you do so beautifully. I've got the rice on, so we've only got to cook all the rest of it. You don't mind, do you?"

"I shall be delighted," said Cecilia, looking behind the kitchen door. "There's my apron. Sam, you lout!" Desmond had heard a sort of dredging noise from the kitchen floor. Now the retriever slunk guiltily into the hall, licking mince off his nose, just as a little woolly dog shot from the sitting-room.

"They like each other really," Cecilia explained as Desmond picked up the umbrella-stand. "They'll go on like this the whole evening, you'll see, but it doesn't mean a thing. Oh, how lovely." And she took her glass and disappeared into the kitchen.

Mr. Forester had apologized to Desmond for there being nothing to drink, and offered him gin or whisky. Now he poured him out some sherry and stood before the fire lost in thought.

"It's the sacking," he said suddenly.

The sacking was round a pipe in the yard. Or, rather, one end was round and the other flapped loose, waiting for Desmond to tie it round and round with blue knitting-wool. Mr. Forester held the bicycle-lamp. He shouted through the larder window: "I'm just finishing the pipe! Mr. Hatch is very kindly assisting!" When Desmond got indoors, shaking his frost-bitten fingers, he sat down in an arm-chair on a toy train while Mr. Forester pulled a margarine carton of potatoes across the floor to get them, as he sensibly remarked, out of the way. The door-bell rang.

"That will be John," said Mr. Forester, abandoning his potatoes and hurrying to the door. Desmond heard the words "cigarettes" and "pub", and John's footsteps going down the path again. The telephone bell rang. As Mr. Forester was out in the front garden, apparently emptying a barrowful of scrap-iron, Desmond decided to answer it.

"Three eight four?" he said, peering at the dial. "No, I'm afraid you have the wrong—"

"Oh, thank you," said a voice in his other ear as Cecilia took the receiver. "Yes, yes. Yes, I will. I told the exchange," she explained to Desmond. "It's a trunk call I wanted to answer myself, so I asked them to put it through here. They say they can't, you know, but they always do. Hullo! Hullo! Sam, drop that scarf! Hullo!"

Desmond was feeling lonely. He opened the front door and was about to offer to put the wheel back on Mr. Forester's barrow when Mrs. Forester appeared from the kitchen, an old tweed jacket round her shoulders and in her hand a spoonful of rice.

"What do you think about this?" she asked.

Desmond chewed dutifully. "Not quite."

"I know," said Mrs. Forester, unhappily, and disappeared again.

"So sorry," said a new voice, hitting Desmond in the small of the back with the front door knob. "How do you do?"

It was no surprise to Desmond that the newcomer, advancing with his hand held out and dropping the cigarettes clutched under his elbow, carried a tottering pile of flower-pots or that Mr. Forester brushed past them holding a dead rabbit and calling "I want another threepence!" or that Cecilia, having shouted into the telephone "Hold on and I'll run back and fetch it," seized her husband's duffle-coat from off him and rushed into the night. What was rather astonishing was that this man was wearing—of all the ridiculous things to wear—a grey suit with beautifully creased trousers.

ANDE





S. L. S.

"It's the receipt for my income tax."

A CURIOUS CONDUCTOR

THERE was nobody in the queue but a man with some sort of folding chair.

"Unusual," I said.

"It's a patent," he said.

"Fresh to-day?" I said.

"Years old," he said.

It struck me he was either hard of hearing or up to some mischief.

"Well, we mustn't grumble," I said.

A bus came up to ease matters, but at that moment his chair suddenly unfolded itself for some reason, and before I could get my leg out of it the conductor had gonged.

"Hi!" I said.

"Socialist!" shouted the man.

"Have a go," shouted the conductor. "We're still in bottom."

Not thinking, I set off against my better judgment.

"It's now or never," said the conductor.

I got hold of the handrail. But for being partly in

the air I might easily have come a purler. The whole thing was alive with electricity.

"My word!" I said.

"Did you get it?" said the conductor.

"Is this a trolleybus?" I said.

"Nothing to do with that," said the conductor.

"It's Static. They're getting it one after the other."

"Static?" I said.

"See those clouds up there?" said the conductor. "Full of it."

"Up there, eh?" I said.

"Makes no difference," he said. "Look at the way it gets down your wireless. Why, out in Italy it knocked me clean through the back of the Naafi."

"What, Static?" I said.

"All I did was to get hold of an aeroplane," he said. "According to the C.O. I stopped a million volts."

"We live in funny times," I said.

"And yet you could stop it all with a simple condenser," said the conductor.

"Amazing," I said.

"Connected up right, of course," said the conductor. "Connected up wrong you'd lift some of these old girls clean off their feet."

"Risky," I said.

"That's the trouble," said the conductor.

"Can I have a fourpenny one?" I said.

"Take that woman with the bird round her hat," said the conductor. "Did she stop a packet?"

"A packet?" I said.

"Shock her to the core," said the conductor. "And yet that girl holding the fiddle in fur boots gets nothing. What can you make of it?"

"Difficult," I said.

"It makes you think," said the conductor, "I can't get that fiddle out of my mind."

There was a bit of confusion owing to some boys slipping downstairs, and as I'm not much of a one for science and standing about I went on down the bus.

A kind of whistling noise went off and somebody shouted "Gangway for a naval officer!" I turned round, but it was only the conductor saluting with both hands and a lot of people sniggering. I half sat down on the woman with the bird round her hat.

"Excuse me. It's these curves," I said.

"Are you a naval officer?" she said.

"As a matter of fact I'm not," I said.

"Something ought to be done about it," she said.

"I dare say," I said, "but take our trade."

"Schweizerbahnhof!" shouted the conductor. "Have your passports ready, please."

A lot of people started struggling to get out.

"There you are," said the woman. "In charge of a bus. He's mad at the very least."

"I'd put it down to over-high spirits," I said.

"Over-high fiddlesticks," said the woman.

The girl with the fiddle looked round over the top of her glasses.

"I beg your pardon?" she said.

"Ssh," I said.

Fortunately the bus jolted to pass it off.

The woman beckoned me closer. Not that it made any difference as I was fast on the seat already.

"Do you know what he's done?" she said. "He's fastened a battery to the bus."

"Now on that point I happen to know he hasn't," I said.

"I happen to know he has," said the woman.

The conductor tapped me on the shoulder.

"Three more got it," he said. "One with an umbrella."

"Umbrella, eh?" I said.

The woman made a clicking noise. Evidently she'd got hold of the wrong end of the stick.

"If you don't mind, that's my basket you're pushing," she said.

"I assure you," I said, but it was the conductor again.

"See those boots?" he whispered.

"How do you mean?" I said.

"That fur's false," he said.

The girl put her fiddle down. She was looking even worse over her glasses.

"Oh, I don't know," I said.

"They're rubber," said the conductor. "Get it! She's insulated."

"What is it?" said the woman. "What's going on?"

"It's nothing," I said. "He just maintains she's insulated."

The girl with the fiddle got up, waving sheet music.

"I have never," she said—"I have never been so insulted in all my life."

"Now wait a minute, lady," said the conductor.

"Oh dear," said the woman. "Let me get out of here."

"Hold hard," I said, but they hadn't the patience for anything. They stood on the kerb.

"Disgraceful," said the girl with the fiddle.

"Disgusting," said the woman with the bird hat.

"Well," said the conductor. "If it doesn't take all sorts to make a world."

 * *

RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TAP

I SAW you, lady, in a bosky glebe,
One tulgey, shadowy, Septembrial morn;
All round about us pranced the unicorn,
And up above us shrieked the Crested Grebe,
And on the road from Monte to Antibes
The crested Autobus loosed off its horn,
And so we met, and so our love was born,
And I was Hildebrand, and you were Pheebs.

And was that forest writ on any map?
Or was it some enchanted land, mayhap,
Where hordes of faery robbed us of our wits?
And why am I so sad, as in the tap
I watch the barman Edward playing nap
And Florrie leans upon the bar and knits?

R. P. LISTER



TORTUGA TUBE



YOU were a great old pretty, my Morgan, you.
You were the father and mother, the son and
daughter
Of that great gun that thudded across the blue
When the keel-irons carved in the sand of the
shining water

And the surf-song broke in the sudden horror of voice
When your murdering crews came in on the breaker
run.

How something deep in a secret heart rejoices
To think of the swords' wet silver flashed in the sun

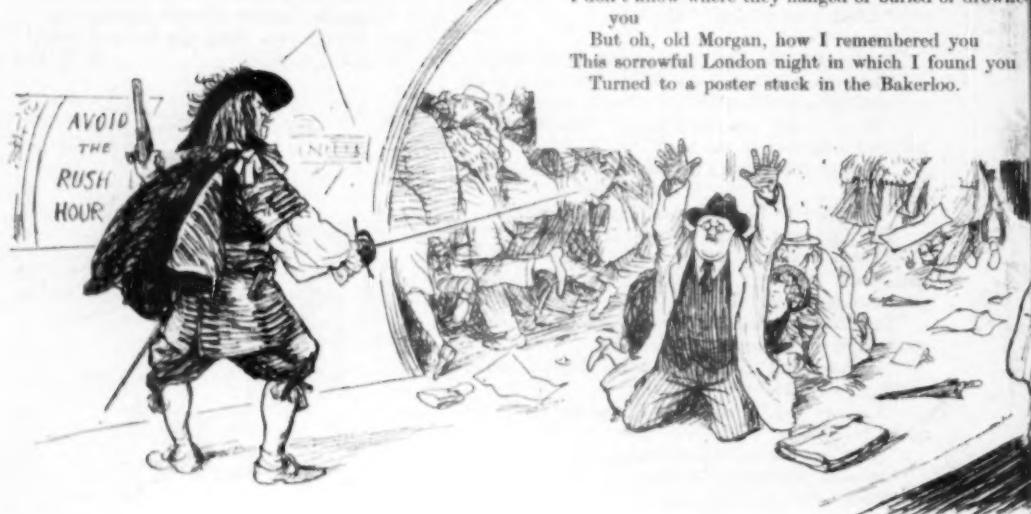
I know, I know, that the tales are half a dream,
But what of that, for the darling wilder ones?
Old moonlight flows to sea on a different stream
And stars' light falls in a sweeter air than sun's.

I saw, as I think, your tops'l's far away
In Mona Passage when times were strange awhile
And I heard, in a certain night at Spanish Cay,
Your culverins in a wind off Grievous Isle.

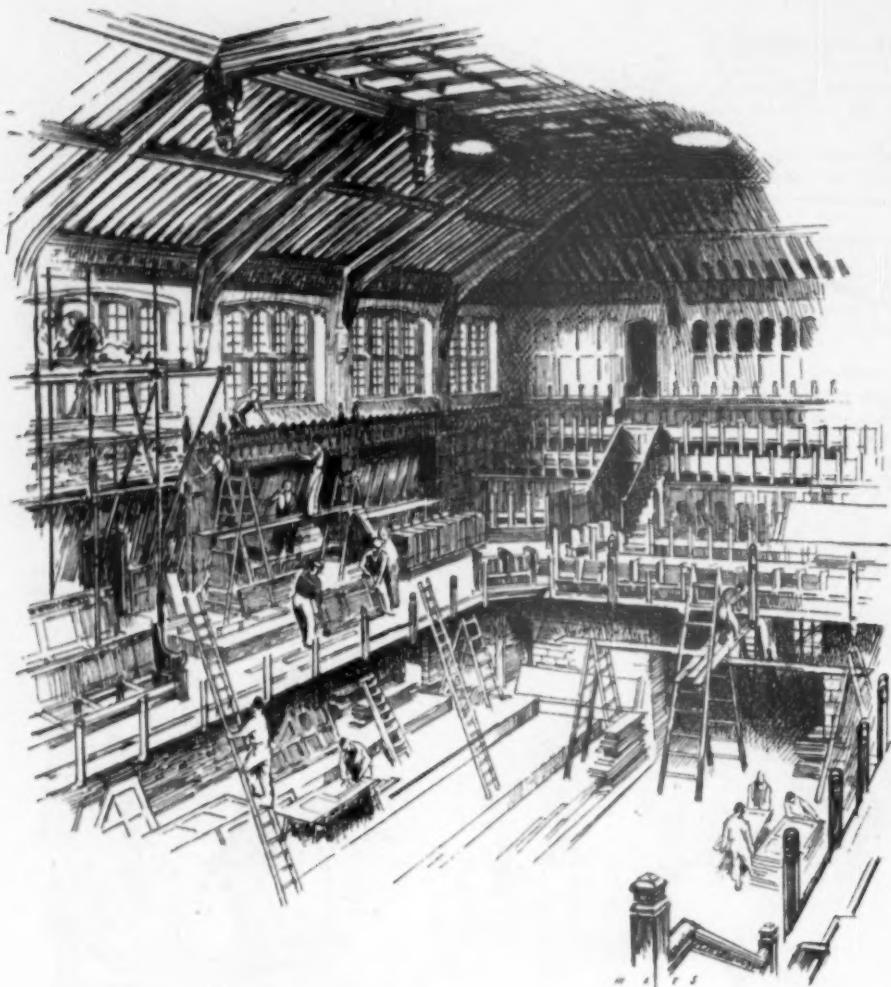
But oh, it was far away and so long ago.
If moons come green yet over the Caribbees
And surf sings solemn and sweetly silver-slow
And the south wind sings all night in the lilac trees

And those Tortugan dawns on a Spanish fan
Sweep up and snap with salt like a castagnet
And blood comes dancing in to the heart of a man
Then somewhere, somewhere, Morgan's maraudin
yet.

I don't know where they hanged or buried or drowned
you
But oh, old Morgan, how I remembered you
This sorrowful London night in which I found you
Turned to a poster stuck in the Bakerloo.







THE NEW HOUSE

ON this damp afternoon it was uncommonly snug in a corner of the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Below us, on the Floor of the House, no one tried to catch the Speaker's eye, which was hardly odd, because neither the Speaker nor his Chair was present. The light-toned (greyish-metallie) intimate interior held only a bristle of workmen—rather more, it seemed, than an official quorum—a few spearing ladders and a web of scaffolding.

Soon it would be the Debating Chamber of the House of Commons. We stared into future history; it took little imaginative effort to flick on the lights, to set up the benches, to cover them in green hide, to cover the hide with a surge of Members, to summon Table and Mace, and to get down, with enthusiasm, to business.

For nearly three years the Chamber "and its ancillary accommodation" have been shaped to the

plans of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. With luck all should be ready this autumn, less than ten years after that Saturday night of May 10-11, 1941, when what is thought to have been an incendiary bomb fired the old Chamber. Its ruins remained as they were until clearance (plainly a "first priority") began just two days after the end of the war and precisely four years after the blaze.

The Commons, homeless in their own Palace of Westminster, had not

to search for a haven. From November 7, 1940, Parliament had sat periodically at Church House, Westminster, and it was here that the Commons assembled on May 13, 1941, when the old Chamber lay in tangled ruin. No alarms startled Church House either before the fire or during the six weeks in which the Commons sat there before moving back to the Palace, to the ornate Gothic detail and the crimson benches of the Lords.

The Speaker and his officials used to go over to Church House by car. His robes and wig were kept there for him, but the Mace was sent across, morning by morning, in a green baize bag and returned at night by Stationery Office van. Parliamentary ceremonial proceeded in Church House just as it had done over the road, although the officials, on unfamiliar ground, had to play themselves in. Thus, upon the first occasion that Black Rod came to the Commons to summon them to the House of Peers he was about to give his usual three knocks when an alert doorkeeper remembered that there was a curtained window in the door and that the knocks would strike the glass. He pulled aside the curtain—just in time.

After the Commons had been translated to the Lords they returned to Church House only during the flying-bomb raids which began during June, 1944. They were comfortable in their guest-Chamber. It needed some improvisation both in the Galleries and on the Floor of the House—for the Commons sit "the other way round" from the Lords—and there was also the task of finding sites for such places (part of the "ancillary accommodation") as the Post Office, the Whips' Offices, the Lobby Bar and the Vote Office, which had been destroyed and had to be re-established as near as possible to the Lords' Chamber. All was managed rapidly. Parliament, if deeply conscious of tradition, can cheerfully adapt itself. When the new Debating Chamber is opened some of the youngest Members, who have known nothing else, may feel homesick for old days when they were, for a while, guests of the peerage.

They will notice at once an absence of superfluous decoration. This new Chamber, in its cool oak and simplified ornament, seems to be larger than it is, yet its Floor is precisely the same size as of old. Some people talked easily of building a larger Chamber that would take every M.P., but seasoned Parliamentarians (all conservative here) were against it, and as before there will be seating on the green benches for three hundred and forty-six Members only. The new Chamber will have the same familiar intimacy; we may expect again the rapid to-and-fro, the dramatic hurtle of debate, that would have been lost in any attempt to puff out the Chamber, to give to every Member a special perch.

If the Floor is untouched, the Galleries have been improved and expanded. They have one hundred and seventy-one extra seats, and the lines of sight are better. Anyone who takes my corner of the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery will be able to rake the House in comfort. (And there will be no supporting oak pillars beneath the galleries, as in the old Chamber; managers of one or two London theatres might be told of this.)

As I sat above in the darkening afternoon, hearing the steady clink-and-rasp and smelling the peculiar, clean, new-building tang that makes masons and carpenters snuff the air with delight I knew how much a layman must miss. True, he notes the externals, the Clipsham stone and the Shropshire oak; presently he will see various gifts from the Commonwealth (the Speaker's Chair from Australia, dispatch boxes from New Zealand, the Table of the House from Canada and so forth); he must observe, too, the venerable

looking "Churchill Arch," that entrance from the Commons Lobby through an archway built from the original stones, damaged but carefully preserved. He will see these things, and more: the roof (which should be called, I am told, "a shaped ceiling") and various minor fittings that are not yet ready, the green hide of the benches, for example, and the central green carpets. Yet there must be also a great deal more that he neither sees nor guesses.

Take the apparently simple matter of keys. Each lock on the Chamber doors has an individual key; every lock can be opened by either a floor "sub-master," in use on one floor only, or by a "grand master" which opens every lock in the building. Over these is a Secret Sessions key. When the Chamber doors have been locked by it—the same keyholes are used—nothing else will open them, not even the



"grand master" itself, unless, of course, you turn to witchcraft: "Open locks whoever knocks." No British locksmith, I gather, will subscribe to this.

Then, too, the ventilation of the House. Its new temperature will be something like that of a fine spring day out of doors. Air in future will not come through gratings in the floor ("Hot heads and cold feet" was the old cry). Instead, it will be wafted in gentle lateral breezes. Neither Government nor Opposition benches can have a monopoly. These air currents will flow first from one side of the Chamber, then from the other. "It is considered," says the Report handsomely, "that this will tend to produce conditions conducive to alertness and to avoid any portion of the anatomy being subjected to a constant air current in any one direction."

To-day, if you are smuggled in to view the House, you may see for yourself how the air is treated. As you wind up the stairs, and in and

out of secret chambers, past knots and coves of craftsmen, you will learn much about viscous filters, dehumidification, and kindred pleasures. You will realize how hard the architects have found it to conceal the "entrails" of their building; to ensure that everyone in the House will be warm, well-aired, and able to hear plainly, and, at the same time, quite unconscious of elaborate fiddle-faddle in the background. It has been managed with astonishing craft. (The youngest politicians may be pleased to know that in a main control room an engineer will watch the emptying and filling, the ebb-and-flow of the House, through a periscope and vary his ventilation controls accordingly.)

An afternoon of clambering and thrusting round and through the phoenix-Chamber and "ancillary accommodation" must leave you with a lot of fine mixed detail. Members' rooms now occupy the lower ground floor, once only a set

of cellars. There are eighty-two air-conditioned telephone cabinets. Eleven thousand letters a day reach the House of Commons. A little dizzy, you admire the Queensland walnut floor in the Members' writing room. You stumble over tube and rope, mark the deep intricacy of certain carving, see that all about you, above and below, three hundred and fifty men are working like bees or beavers to get the Chamber ready in time.

It ought to be complete by the autumn. We shall not know the details of the opening until a new Government arrives, but no doubt members of the Commonwealth Parliaments, which have given fittings to the House, will come to applaud. On that day there will be no room in my corner of the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Certainly no one will be whistling an air from *Brigadoon* immediately behind my head. At present the House is rising. By then it will be in session and—at last—again at home.

J. C. TREWIN

6 6

CURRENT AFFAIRS

GIVE me *The Times*, my love—the news

Is so significant and solemn
I cannot wait while you peruse
The marriage column.

Now is the time for all to show
A thoughtful mind, a wide horizon,
Here in this isle which friend and foe
Have anxious eyes on.

Is it, they ask, a glorious dawn,
Or England's twilight, Europe's sundown?
Ah, 10 across was WHEEK, not PRAWN—
Then what was 1 down?

Study the headlines, scan the map . . .
Farewell to France—two blanks-1-blank-u . . .
The super bomb, the dollar gap . . .
A pencil—thank you.

Whose is the hand to guide our fate?

Where is the creed to save our birthright?
The housing drive, the welfare state . . .
Is HEAVEN-ON-EARTH right?

You, with the heedless hare-brained herd,
Would pawn your freedom, sign your cheques
blank . . .
Something is wrong—there's no such word,
Blank-p-blank-x-blank.

O that our hearts were fired afresh!
O that some spur would rouse the nation! . . .
O that this too, too something flesh—
That's a quotation.

If we could just get *Charley's Aunt* . . .
A National Front with Churchill leading it.
What did you say? Of course you can't;
Not while I'm reading it.



Now that elections are so fully mechanized . . .

THE DOLLS

THE other night, when I was staying with the Thudds, I found dolls in both my bedroom slippers. One of the dolls was made of china and had a forced, interminable grin and a bald patch, and the other, which I greatly preferred, had a felt face slightly undermined by moth but with enough of her features left to present a piquant, rather wistful appearance and with grey-blue eyes that stared at you with a sort of timeless tranquillity. Both wore simple cotton frocks of an effete pattern and had unconvincing feet.

On the first morning I regarded the pair with some interest. I had of course, like everyone else, lowered dolls slowly backwards to see if they would wail and shut their eyes, and I had occasionally assisted very small girls to get the arms of dolls into the sleeves of cardigans, but I had never, so far as I could remember, been utterly alone with dolls, and I was intrigued to note that in these circumstances their impact was quite different and in some ways rather unsettling.

It was so awfully easy to imagine that they were alive. The stuff doll, Zoë as she came to be called, had

almost exactly the same expression and every bit as much animation as the leader of the village orchestral society, and if one held her from behind one could make her arms wave and her feet stamp in a frighteningly realistic manner. I provided each with a provisional character and then argued with them or took sides (usually with felt against china) until it was time to get up.

If you think it was silly of me to play with dolls like this at my time of life, let me tell you that I have thought the whole thing out in the way I always do think the whole thing out when anyone accuses me of being silly, and I have proved to my complete satisfaction that playing with dolls is no different from playing with dogs and is only silly if you play in a silly way, though goodness knows the way many otherwise intelligent people play with dogs often reaches the utter limit of idiocy. Playing with dolls is merely another manifestation of the impulse that causes people to read and write books, see and act in plays and generally make out that characters exist and incidents occur which, in point of fact, don't.

Do not run away with the idea

that I had any neurotic intention of withdrawing gradually from the company of human beings and taking more and more to the society of dolls. I simply welcomed a harmless outlet for the imagination, of the sort that is so desirable when one is staying with people as dull as the Thudds. I confined myself to a quarter of an hour's play every morning and evening. There was no nonsense about putting them out in the garden in their pram or taking them with me to tea parties. When not in use the dolls were put away in a drawer and forgotten about.

I had soon ceased to bother my head about how the dolls had got into my room in the first place, but on the fifth morning (I had decided, for some reason, to prolong my stay) I learnt the full story from a source which it had never occurred to me to tap. It seemed that the dolls had been taken out of the attic and put in my slippers, in a fruitless attempt to fascinate the temporary housemaid, by a young man who came to look over the electrical fittings while I was in the village. My informant was Fiona, the china doll, who had far more to her than Zoë when you really got to know her.

DANIEL PETTIWARD



. . . no doubt the mechanized beckler is not far off.

THE PARAGON

MY mother wrote to say that Aunt Dora and my cousin Elizabeth were spending a week or two at home. Elizabeth had grown into such a nice girl. It just showed you, didn't it? My mother liked her very much indeed, and was sure I would too. She was just the sort of friend my mother would like me to have. She was so sensible. My mother couldn't get over how helpful she was, and how unselfish. She absolutely insisted on helping with the housework, and the other day when the charwoman was away with her feet Elizabeth made all the beds and dusted, and would even have prepared lunch if my mother hadn't made her sit down. And she was thoughtful over little things. She didn't rush around the house leaving all the doors open, and my mother simply couldn't imagine her throwing talcum powder all over the bathroom floor. The garden was looking very bare just now.

I wrote and said how very sorry I was not to be able to meet Elizabeth after all these years, but I couldn't possibly get away. I sent her my love.

My mother wrote again. She had said to Elizabeth, have you got

a good post in London? And Elizabeth had said, yes, I have. I am doing work which really does me credit so that my mother can be proud of me and not have to change the subject to other mothers. And I made sure before I went that I would have a pension and that there was a place nearby where I could get a good hot lunch. Elizabeth said she thought there were some girls who only had a sandwich and a cup of coffee for lunch, and these girls were very silly and didn't know how they would regret it later on. Then my mother had said, wasn't it cold a week or two ago? And Elizabeth said, yes, it was. I wear a lot of woollens in the cold weather because I do believe in wrapping up well. I do believe it is important to keep warm while I am young, because it would be so sad when I am older if I had to pay for not being sensible earlier. And now that the weather is a little warmer I haven't been silly and flung off all my clothes. I have kept my head and realized that I mustn't keep chopping and changing, because it will probably become cold again later on and my system must be ready for it. Wasn't Elizabeth an intelligent girl? She

went to bed early too. My mother said to her, you do go to bed early, don't you? And Elizabeth said, yes, I do. I do believe in getting plenty of sleep, because nothing would undermine my resistance so much as continual late nights. Of course, once in a while is all right, but I do believe there is reason in everything. It would be so bad for me if I didn't keep my strength up after using my brain all day, and when I am middle-aged I would pay for it and wish I had listened to my mother. My mother knows much more about these things than I do. She knows me better than I know myself and I must be guided by her.

I wrote and said I had decided I simply must meet Elizabeth. I would come home the following week-end.

My mother wrote and said that perhaps it would be as well if I waited until Elizabeth came back to London and went to see her then, because there would be such a crowd of us and the charwoman was still away with her feet. She would send me Elizabeth's London address.

But she hasn't.



A BLANKSHIRE LAD

(February 23 1950)

"We have a progressive policy for agriculture."—Any Election Address

NOW the golden rim of day Lifts beyond the hills away; Leave the plough, the field, the can, Up, my lad, and choose your man.

Empty promise, faithless vow, Be no more deceivers now, Pledge you would, but dare not, trust, Light as air, and less than dust!

Make your mark, and turn you back Home to farm, and fold, and stack, Where the lonely furrow lies Straight beneath the winter skies.

Other lads, the sons you bear, Will greet the oft-returning year, And flowering, sweet or bitter, find The seed you sowed upon the wind.

G. H. VALLINS



"And I say the last time matches were a ha'penny was under a LIBERAL Government."

AT THE PLAY

Larger than Life (DUKE OF YORK'S)—*Wild Violets* (STOLL)

THE stage is a difficult place for a demonstration of its own artificiality. Where Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM was able, in his novel, "Theatre," to present a convincing picture of an ageing star wrecking her home for the sake of her career Mr. GUY BOLTON has only captured part of the conviction in his adaptation, *Larger than Life*. The people of the story are shallow and silly. Mr. MAUGHAM at least made them tolerably amusing, but, though closely following the original, Mr. BOLTON lets them be seen in a much harsher light, in which their Hollywood tantrums appear more than a little tedious. That a famous stage couple to preserve their popularity should live together after a bashed-up divorcee, and that the ex-wife should take an unlikely lover to prove herself still attractive, flinging her ex-husband into the arms of her best friend, is of small interest away from the persuasions of Mr. MAUGHAM's prose. Only wit could have disguised the futility of such characters, and in this version there is hardly enough to go round.

Once the decks are cleared of

pretence, however, the play brightens considerably. *Julia* is left to face a new production by herself, and the scenes in which we watch the battle from her dressing-room are more tense. From being a rather empty burlesque of someone in a gossip column she becomes a living woman, teaching her young rival a sharp lesson in discretion and tricking her errant mate (who deserved it and more for the yachting cap he was wearing) into a return to full partnership. But the final accomplishment of their reunion is almost the happy ending to end all happy endings. Personally I wouldn't have minded if both of them had been deported in a luggage-van to Siberia, but I dare say less hardened hearts may quicken to their rekindled romance.

I thought Miss JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS, the American actress, far and away the best as *Julia*. She has the warmth and gusto the part needs, and plays it with a drive which won round upon round of applause. It seemed to me that Mr. REGINALD DENNY's metallic callousness as the ex-husband threw the absurdity of the early scenes into unnecessary relief. There is a nice portrait of a decorous old flame by Mr. STUART LINDSELL, and Mr. BRIAN NISSEN and Mr. HECTOR ROSS fill in neatly enough *Julia's* untheatrical son and her improbable lover. The old stage butler, who has found butling in earnest a far steadier proposition, is taken amusingly by Mr. LAURENCE NAISMITH.

Wild Violets, in bloom yet again, is such a very simple-minded affair as



Alpine Flower

Hans Katzen—Mr. JERRY VENO

almost to blunt criticism. Its finishing school for girls, perfectly situated a few yards from a finishing school for boys, is in the most innocent tradition of musical comedy, while the background of Switzerland (1902) yields a richly coniferous scene in which skating and summer frocks go happily hand in hand. Mildly amorous exchanges abound between the two academics, and the French mademoiselle, always a problem, is kept busy by a ribald English father, who arrives in an early horseless carriage which would barely have got to Brighton, and, of course, brings his tail-coat. A number of young people romp bravely, but the tameness of the evening is alleviated chiefly by Miss PHYLLIS BOURKE as the head-mistress, Mr. AUBREY DEXTER as the father, and Miss STELLA MORAY and Mr. JERRY VENO as pantomime turns below stairs. The voices are no great shakes. ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

HAMLET—New—Sound work by Old Vic, with Michael Redgrave.

RIDE ROUND THE MOON—Globe—Fascinating production of Christopher Fry's translation of Anouilh.

BLACK CHIFFON—Westminster—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.



Larger than Life

Behind the Scenes

Julia Lambert—MISS JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
Michael Gosselyn—MR. REGINALD DENNY



"Pshaw — chocolate box!"

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

From the Secretary of the Viking Cricket Club, Johannesburg, to the Secretary of the Bedouin Cricket Club, Pretoria

DEAR SIR.—I hope that our very pleasant rivalry on the cricket field will be continued next season. We suggest 2.00 p.m., October 27, on our ground. I trust that you and all the other Bedouins are keeping fit and well.

Yours sincerely,
J. HELDENFOLD

From the Secretary of the Bedouin Cricket Club, Pretoria, to the Secretary of the Viking Cricket Club, Johannesburg

DEAR SIR.—I thank you for your letter asking for a cricket fixture on October 27. We of the Bedouins will be delighted to play the Vikings again next season. We wondered, however, if you would be so good as to remove the Rugby posts from the ground before the match takes place. Best wishes from Pretoria to all Vikings.

Yours sincerely,
B. WAGSTOCK

Vikings to Bedouins

DEAR SIR.—Thank you for your letter. I am sorry to hear that you take exception to the Rugby posts on our ground. Unfortunately the ground is used by the owners, the Ajax Sporting Club, only for Rugby, and is loaned to us free of charge on the understanding that the posts are not removed. Standing as they do so near the boundary, they seldom, if ever, interfere with the game. I trust, therefore, that you will not allow their presence to prevent the game from taking place.

Yours sincerely,
J. HELDENFOLD

Bedouins to Vikings

DEAR SIR.—We are sorry to inconvenience you in this way, but we feel that we must continue to press for the removal of the Rugby posts from your ground. During the last match, which it will be remembered went down as a win to you by one run, the ball was thrown in by one of our fielders after the batsmen had only run one: it struck one of the Rugby posts and rebounded to the boundary, upon which your umpire

signalled four runs. But for this unfortunate incident we would have won by three runs.

We sincerely hope that you will appreciate our point of view and that the match will take place.

Yours sincerely,

B. WAGSTOCK

Vikings to Bedouins

DEAR SIR.—Apparently you do not appreciate our difficulties with regard to the Rugby posts. As I intimated in my last letter, we cannot remove them without applying to the Ajax Sporting Club, and even if we were prepared to do this it is certain that they would not agree.

Your reference to the last match was perhaps unfortunate. It suggests that the umpire's decision was unfair, which was certainly not the case, as the posts were part of the field of play, and as such, according to the rules, do not exist. It is therefore clear that your fielder threw the ball over the boundary. I hope that you will let us have your decision concerning the fixture at your earliest convenience.

Yours faithfully,

J. HELDENFOLD

P.S.—If you work it out you will find that you would have won by two runs, not three, if the rules had not been observed.

Bedouins to Vikings

DEAR SIR.—I regret that you do not seem prepared to accommodate us in this little matter. Your remarks on the match, in which your Rugby posts played such a decisive part, were for the most part quite unnecessary. If, however, you prefer to make a technical rather than a sporting approach to the incident, I would remind you that all obstacles on the field of play must be agreed upon by the two umpires before play starts. Our umpire was not consulted, and therefore the obstacle must be regarded as an obstacle left on the field by the home players. This being the case, the hit from one of our batsmen, which was stopped by

still another Rugby post, must be regarded in the same way as if it were stopped by a fielder's cap, and five runs must be added to our score. This would have given us a win by three or five runs—whichever you prefer. I assume, therefore, that as you are so keen on adhering to the rules the match will go down in the record book as a win for the Bedouins.

Yours faithfully,

B. WAGSTOCK

Vikings to Bedouins

DEAR SIR.—Your attitude is scarcely one that would persuade us to remove a deck-chair, let alone four deeply embedded Rugby posts. Your own conception of a sporting approach to the game is shown by your reference to "our" umpire. As it happens, the two umpires are neutral officials. You seem to suggest that "your" umpire could not see the Rugby posts, and should have been taken on a tour of inspection and their presence explained to him. If he had seen them the inference seems to be that he would have refused to allow play. It is obvious that you only object to Rugby posts after the game has gone against you.

J. HELDENFOLD

Bedouins to Vikings

SIR.—I would like to remind you that originally we objected to the posts being there for the next game, and that it was only after your unobliging attitude that reference was made to the last game by way of explanation. You appear to favour a strict interpretation of the rules only when it suits you. I wonder what would have happened if we had insisted on having the pitch rolled before we went in after you, as we were entitled to do according to the rules. It would have been interesting to see you getting a roller to the scene in less than an hour.

B. WAGSTOCK

Vikings to Bedouins

DEAREST SIR.—The point is that you didn't ask for a roller, so I don't see what that has got to do with



[Contd. over]



anything. You have not got a ground of your own, but you go around criticizing other people's. Unfortunately one doesn't always know that one is going to lose, otherwise one could put an end to the game by calling for a roller or by getting malaria. You may take it that last year's unpleasant fixture will not be repeated. Any further correspondence from you will be returned unopened.

J. HELDENFOLD

P.S.—Incidentally, we did not regard the four L.b.w. decisions from your umpire as a coincidence.

6 6

COY DEDICATIONS

A NEAR relation to the arch birth announcement is the coy dedication of books.

"To my Mother, who still wishes I were a boy with buttons to sew."

"To Jan and Pinkie in memory of the Old Mill and the cowslip field."

"To M.W.

The gorse is gold on Porlock Hill.

This is appallingly indecent. If Mr. Thing wishes to be nauseatingly sentimental about his mother he may be so in pen-and-ink, without inviting us to share in his shame. Better still, he may employ the impermanent method of word-of-mouth. If Miss Thing wishes to hold out a friendly hand to Jan and Pinkie, why must she expose before her readers a secret scene which only Jan and Pinkie can visualize? It is unreasonable and discourteous.

M. W. is evidently the recipient of a private message, a whispering in public: and that is the height of bad manners.

The root reason for all this violent exhibitionism is precisely the same as that which prompts the happy parent to advertise "a sister for Peter" and to name her house "Stepaside," "Restabit" or "Quiet Paths." Mother and housewife wish to make it plain that, in spite of household cares, they have their sense of the artistic and the whimsical. The author likes to show he has a smiling way with him, despite the vigorous prose style of his work. It is the rarest opportunity for being arch under the cover of an old-established tradition.

In the eighteenth century a dedication was formal, flattering, and sycophantic—but it was at least open. The author did not conceal his meaning or hint at secret familiarities with the object of his praise. His dedication was not conceived in cipher. It was written to be read by all. From the moral evil of the present degenerate habit the reader is protected only by the fact that he seldom bothers to read the dedication at all.

6 6

"The play will be given in two parts. Sixteen years passes between parts one and two. Coffee will be served during the interval."—Norwich theatre programme

But bring your own sandwiches.

BOOKING OFFICE

The Receiving End

THE modern taste for tracing patterns in the past makes some historians forget that history happens to people. Victim and beneficiary, the individual deserves the centre of the historical stage. Any picture of the past which treats the farmer or the statesman as merely an example of a general trend must be based on a choice of evidence so narrowly selective that it is bound to be false. Imagination, stupidity, altruism and "the queerness of folks" are just as much historical facts as price levels or land tenures.

The *Knyvett Letters* (1620-1644), edited with limitless learning by Dr. Bertram Schofield, certainly contain economic details which, correlated with economic details found elsewhere, will add something to economic history. Statistics are always welcome to the researcher, and he is welcome to them. However, the real value of these letters from a country gentleman to his wife is that they plunge the reader into the confusion of real life, that they show History at the receiving end. The publishers have arranged with the Norfolk Record Society to make them available to the general public, which is unlikely to be as grateful as it might be. The retention of the original spelling and contractions makes the volume a misery to read. It would be well worth while to produce a cheap, modernized edition with the minimum of annotation.

The blurb's comparison of Knyvett with Pepys is absurd, but his letters do give an attractive and interesting picture of a pleasant, cranky man bemused by great events. They are full of good small beer and have plenty of character. Knyvett was a sporting landlord, much troubled with litigation. He loved his wife, his estates and his jaunts to London, and the impending split in the Society he knew worried him because he could not understand or ignore it. He found himself forced to take sides, and although he did very little for the Royal cause he was imprisoned and nearly lost his lands. A more intelligent man might have helped posterity to see the pattern of the times better, but most men are not intelligent, at least as intelligence is rated among historians, and being puzzled and helpless and worried, Knyvett takes us close to the average man. He is representative of the unpolitical in a political age. When he reports the great world to his wife he is painstaking but dull; when he is telling her he loves her or giving orders to be passed on to his gamekeeper his writing comes alive.

In *The Hours and the Ages* Mr. Edward Nicholas tells the story of the United States, from the War of Independence to the Civil War, through the biographies of leading Americans linked by a commentary. The biographies are lively but the commentary is repetitive and too obviously tries to arise out of the lives. The method does not succeed in giving the pattern of American history in the period because too much has to be omitted for lack of a life to hang it on, and there is no room for the detail which would bring home the gritty particularity of individual existence.

Nevertheless, there is plenty of interesting information for the English reader, to whom some of Mr. Nicholas's worthies are almost certain to be new. Most of them played a bigger part in America than Knyvett did in England. The inclusion of one amiable goof in the gallery would make it more representative.

Omitting the leading historical characters, Mr. Nicholas chooses those who were influential but secondary. Instead of Washington we have Andrew Jackson, instead of Emerson, Margaret Fuller. By spacing them out he covers the whole of the country, as far as it had been settled by the 1800's. They are shown deeply rooted in their locality and only gradually, if ever, becoming national in outlook or prestige. In their own regions they were people of importance, sometimes maintaining the social and intellectual framework which had done service in the past and sometimes aligning themselves with new modes of thought which were to serve in the future. Mr. Nicholas's frequently stated theme is that progress requires an alert élite leading an ardent but un instructed mass. A less explicit theme seems to be that everything in American history happened just about at the right time. His assertion of the importance of the individual is more convincing than his assumption that the individual is mystically interpenetrated by the spirit of national progress.

R. G. G. PRICE

Thame with Nine Variations

Pressed to name a dozen *Greek City-States*—there were hundreds of them—most of us would produce Athens, Sparta and Corinth, Cyrene for its Biblical associations, Sybaris because it gave us an adjective, and perhaps Miletus. Omitting Athens and Sparta, Dr. Kathleen Freeman relates the fortunes of nine cities with a deft and happy erudition that gives



"How do you spell 'Birmingham'?"

them the allure of personal experiments in living. They were, of course, personalities, these statelets: exquisite Aegatas, vulgar Corinth, rugged Seriphos, doltish Abdera, aristocratic Massilia and the rest; and if their destinies usually followed a common pattern it was a pattern with surprising variations. Most of them rose from trading-posts to centres of unparalleled civilization, only to be absorbed by Rome and erased by the Goths. Regionalism gave them their cultural strength. Voluntary association might have saved them. The passion for immediate self-interest, said Heraclitus, must be "quenched as if it were a conflagration." And we, too, Dr. Freeman adds, must perceive this or perish.

H. P. E.

On Probation

Mr. Sewell Stokes describes, under the title *Court Circular*, his experiences during four years of work as a probation officer at one of London's best-known police courts. He chooses for the most part to dwell upon the lighter aspects of his subject; and though he is careful to add a note of apology for what some people might regard as a flippant approach to a serious subject he observes with justice that his duties very often brought him into situations "when not to have laughed would have meant crying." Tragedy and comedy jostle each other closely in these records of an aspect of life little known to the ordinary citizen; and, tragic and comic alike, they at least afford indisputable proof that even the standardized London of this day and age can show fine fruity individual types—Mrs. Fossett, with her plimsolls and her man's cap, is a case in point—that would have rejoiced the soul of Dickens.

C. F. S.



"Why do they think it's going to be a draw, Fred?"

Old Wiltshire

The small English country house in which have lived many generations of the same family is sometimes a mine of social history richer than larger mansions that have gathered national fame. Such a house is Basset Down, near Swindon. In the seventeenth century it came into the hands of the Maskelynes, whose main stream has since been joined by other tributary families; in it is cherished a fine collection of their treasures as well as a long tradition of service to country and county. Drawing on a wealth of documents and on her own love and deep knowledge of the place and its people, Mrs. Mary Arnold-Forster, the present owner, has made a book which is a model of its kind. She writes gracefully, with abundant humour, of her ancestors and of the changing life of the house, and her chapter on the country characters who have served it in her lifetime is a delightfully understanding study of types that only the countryside produces. *Basset Down* has a foreword by Mr. Charles Morgan.

E. O. D. K.

"There's So Much Good in the Worst of Us"

The mixtures of good and bad which are made up into men and women in real life—not often in fiction—are efficiently analysed by Miss Noel Streatfeild in her new novel, *Mothering Sunday*. It is the story of an old lady and her family: pompous elder son, managing eldest daughter, society butterfly, simple sincere woman doctor and charming wastrel younger son wanted by the police. The lives of all these people, of a uniquely aggravating companion, and a little man who adored garden gnomes, are all plaited together by Miss Streatfeild in a convincing and absorbing story, slight in action and powerful in human interest. Anna Caldwell, the mother, to whose house her children come, all, save the wastrel, intent on finding out why she keeps them at arm's length, is a dear, and her story perhaps the best thing its author has done yet—which is no small recommendation, as readers will know.

B. E. S.

Books Reviewed Above

The Knyvett Letters (1620-1644). Edited by Bertram Schofield. (Constable, 21/-).

The Hours and the Ages. Edward Nicholas. (Gollancz, 15/-). *Greek City-States*. Kathleen Freeman. (Macdonald, 15/-).

Court Circular. Sewell Stokes. (Michael Joseph, 10/-).

Basset Down. Mary Arnold-Forster. (Country Life, 30/-).

Mothering Sunday. Noel Streatfeild. (Collins, 8/-).

Other Recommended Books

Allergy. Harry Swartz, M.D. (Gollancz, 9/6) At first rather toughly technical, later fascinating study of a condition from which, in some form, great numbers of people suffer, many without knowing it. Historical, explanatory, helpful.

Strange Inheritance. Georges Simenon. (Routledge, 9/6) Not the usual two long-shorts, but a full-length novel: conflict between big men in La Rochelle and a youth who inherits a business and a house there. Packed, absorbing narrative; a characteristic Simenon.

Venus Observed. Christopher Fry. (Oxford University Press, 6/-) The play that most who have seen it, and many who haven't seen it, will want to read; very handsomely printed.

INFLUENCE

THE art of pulling strings must, I think, depend less on the thickness of the string than the technique of the puller—though, to be truthful, it is seldom that I know of a string to pull; all my friends can get themselves new cars, unlimited timber or front seats for long-booked-up circuses at the lift of a receiver, but not I.

Nevertheless, it did happen that I found myself very powerfully situated early the other evening when I descended, hungry and unloved after a harrowing day, into a suburban eating-place bright with gilt and upflung lighting. I did not choose this establishment—one of many with the same electrified name writhing above the entrance—because I had a letter from the Chief General Manager in my pocket; indeed, I had forgotten the letter, or tried my best to: it congratulated me with sickening falsomeness on an article about restaurant cutlery written by someone else, and ran on idiotically into insufferable details of teaspoon wastage. No, I went there because a Miss Witherby had allowed me to take her there the week before for a fish supper of the superior kind, and the atmosphere had struck me as welcoming. I like to feel welcome in a restaurant. Places where the staff give me an icy glare and disappear for twenty-five minutes behind rust-coloured curtains are never troubled with my custom again, and the fact that they are unlikely to mind this, or even notice it, doesn't make things any better.

The place was empty, but even the agony of having to make a decision among so many vacant chairs worried me less than usual: the welcome yet to be received was already having its soothing effect upon my nerves. I chose a small table near the service doors: it seemed wanton to make people traverse the whole restaurant to attend to me.

I sat there, smiling at first, then, after five minutes, arranging the condiments in interesting if limited designs. After a quarter of an hour one of the service doors swung



"Skis, please."

iciously and a dark girl with fine eyes and an inch of petticoat showing came out and stared at me.

"Good evening," I said, rediscovering my smile. "I'm afraid I'm rather early."

She went and rattled in a corner, then came and put something sharply on my table.

I thanked her. Then I saw that it was a small varnished announcement, propped up by a leg at the back. It said simply "No Service." I looked up, but the swing door had swung. I was alone again. Ten minutes later when the girl came back I had moved to the next table. It seemed logical and time-saving.

She gave me a burning look. "All this corner," she said, and made a sweeping gesture with a handful of forks. I failed to understand. She

came with measured steps and picked up the varnished announcement, holding it at the end of my nose as if I were a backward and irritating child. Then she put it down on my new table and began to rope me off with pillars and a plush clothes-line.

"Then," I said, gathering up my hat and coat with commendably good grace, "I think I'll sit over there." I indicated a distant corner and moved towards it. "I take it there is Service there!" She nodded. I said "May I have some? I've been here since—"

"Ee-nid!" shouted the fine-eyed girl, hurling the forks on to a metal tray. Then she went off through a door marked "Staff." I never saw her again.

Enid was refined; that was clear

at our first meeting, which took place some time later. Eaid would never say "enough" when "sufficient" would do; all her rat-catchers would be rodent disposal officers. Her mouth was so prim that I resolved to make her say "prunes" before the evening was out, for the delight of seeing the word emerge from a hole like the eye of a darning needle. As it happened, things never reached that stage.

On her first visit she merely brought the menu and vanished. At any rate, I told myself during the next seven minutes, it was something to read, and the typewriting was entertaining. I particularly liked "Baled Jzm Roll." While I read it a cheerful-looking man who had occupied a nearby table for twenty minutes slowly saddened and at last went out. His place was taken by a gaunt lady in black, who had come from the room marked "Staff." She was at once brought some soup by a broad waitress with steel-rimmed glasses, and had hardly dropped her spoon when a plate mounded with steaming potatoes appeared before her. She ate absently but with vigour, reading a magazine.

"Roast lamb," I said to Enid when she came back at last.

She leant over me with a pencil and crossed roast lamb off the card, then stood away prising her lips.

"Steak pie," I said.

"Steek pay," she echoed—corrected, perhaps—and, striking my

table a perfunctory blow with the cloth she carried, minced out through the swing doors.

She came back quite quickly, for her. The gaunt lady in black had only had time to begin on a plate of plums and custard.

"Noo steek pay," said Enid, leaning over again with her pencil.

"Isn't it rather early," I said, stung a little, "for everything to be off?"

"Everything isn't," said Enid coldly, and waited, tapping a foot.

But nearly everything was, as it proved. Whittling the menu down to fish, I found that the fish I wanted I couldn't have chips with and the fish I could have chips with I didn't want. It was while I was trying to impale a couple of impenetrable "beeked beans" on my fork that I remembered, with sudden inspiration, the Chief General Manager's letter. Power surged through me like fire. I scanned the last paragraph hungrily (as well I might), noting the writer's desire that if he might at any time be of service to me, etc., etc. When Enid came to take away the beans I said

to her, slowly and distinctly, "Perhaps you would be kind enough to mention to the manageress that I am a personal friend of Mr. H. Wrangwill Cashdooe." (A thoughtful secretary had typed the mogul's name under his signature.)

I must have worn a compelling look in my moment of triumph. I watched with interest as she whispered to the gaunt lady. Neither of them gave me a glance, but Enid went rapidly to the service doors and as rapidly appeared again carrying a magnificent Gorgonzola. I sat back.

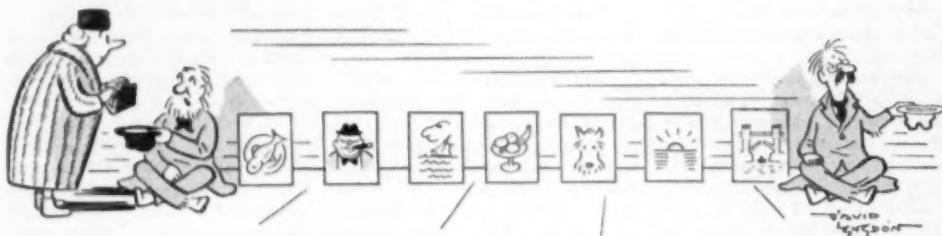
Then I sat up. The girl took the cheese to the gaunt lady, and then came and gave me a bill for five shillings.

"Miss Pooley," she said, with something like a smirk, "doesn't believe she has the pleasure of your friend's acquaintance."

Meeting Miss Witherby quite by chance yesterday, I told her all this. Her own mysterious power in that hell for the hungry had been baffling me. It transpired that her sister had been in the Wrens with the cashier. J. B. BOOTHROYD

Spring-time Breakfast

WITH upcast eyes she sought the room above,
Hoping to hear some movement of her love;
Murmured in accents not without regret
"I wonder if the sap is stirring yet."



"I do the drawings — he just thinks up the ideas . . ."

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1893. Postage of this issue: U.S.A. and Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d.; elsewhere Overseas 3d. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES**—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30s.; Overseas 36s. (U.S.A. 85-25); Canada 34s. or 36s.

*She knows
about shows
and shoes . . . and wears*



*Clarks
COUNTRY CLUB
shoes*



TOP OF THE POLL

IDRIS - The people's choice



IDRIS
THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

Among soft drinks Idris tops the poll. Every member of the family votes it so refreshing, so full of flavour, so wholesome. Squashes 3/- per bottle.



Hot BOVRIL
cheers!

IN BOTTLES: 1 oz. - 2 oz. - 4 oz. - 8 oz. and 16 oz.

Good night's rest with

OSMAN
SHEETS
and
PILLOWCASES



Look for this sewn-on label



Centres of Attraction

From any good confectioner
1 lb. 4/6; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 2/3.

INSIDE the crisp, sugary coating of New Berry Fruits is delicious fruit liqueur in six tantalising flavours.

New Berry Fruits

MELTIS LIMITED · LONDON AND BEDFORD



**NON-STOP
WARMTH**
with
SAFETY

The EVERBURN Unit fits your present ordinary grate. Whilst you sleep, when you are out, your fire keeps burning and your room stays warm. *

'SHIELDED SAFETY'
banishes all risk—nothing
can 'run out'!

As will, a flaming open fire is yours, as always. The cost is 66-tax free, and the EVERBURN guarantee ensures satisfaction. The leaflet will tell you more.

As will, a flaming open fire is yours, as always. The cost is 66/- tax free, and the EVERBURN guarantee ensures satisfaction.

The leaflet will tell you more. Write EVERBURN Limited, (Dept. K2), Harrogate, Yorkshire.

★ With back-baited
grates you enjoy really
hot water, night and day
too!



Put a spoonful of Nescafé in the cup - add near-boiling water. *Grand* coffee. Roaster-fresh fragrance and flavour every time! Whether you add milk and sugar to taste or serve it black, you'll agree it's the coffee for you.

Siemalt is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrose, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour.

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

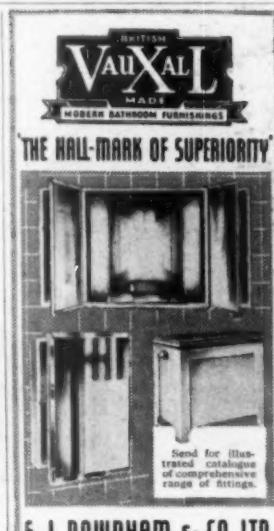


Monsieur Joannes prize recipe!

Most people agree that Maconochie's Tomato Soup has a specially delicious flavour. And the praise is due to Monsieur Joannes.

You see, Monsieur Joannes is a famous French chef. Not only are all Macdonochie's Soups made from his recipes, but he keeps an eagle eye on ingredients and cooking. Treat yourself to the Tomato—it's so rich and full of flavour! You'll take your hat off to Macdonochie's Monsieur Joannes.

Trust Maconochies for flavour



S. J. DOWNHAM & CO. LTD.
PEMBURY, KENT





*Perfect
protection for
Pretty Shoes*

Wear your prettiest shoes in the mud and wet? Why not — with Morlands Overshoes to keep them clean and dry? These slip on *over your ordinary shoes*, give you all the warmth and protection of sheepskin-lined boots — *without you having to remove your shoes*. You can go to the races, rugger match, the country inn — then on somewhere else, knowing your shoes will be perfectly trim. Price for low-heeled model — 132/6d.

Morlands THE FAMOUS GLASTONBURY'S

* MADE BY CLARK, SON & MORLAND LTD., GLASTONBURY, SOMERSET

SOLD BY GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE — TO THE EARLY SHOPPER

An Appeal worthy of YOUR consideration

Of all the charities constantly brought before your notice, few, if any, have such a heart-felt, world-wide appeal as that of the

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

FOR CANCER RESEARCH

Patron: H.M. The King; President: H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester
Chairman of the Grand Council: The Rt. Hon. Viscount Hailsham

The elimination and cure of cancer concerns everyone—everywhere. Cancer, a disease known since the dawn of civilization, affects the entire human race. A certain measure of effective treatment has already been perfected, but this is not enough—cancer must be eliminated by prevention. To achieve this noble end, funds are urgently required.

AIMS AND OBJECTS

(1) To further researches into the causes of cancer. (2) To co-ordinate the efforts of many scattered research workers throughout the world; to train other workers and enlisted the services of proved experts. (3) To pool, sift and evaluate the knowledge gained in many fields of cancer research. (4) To improve methods of cancer diagnosis and perfect new methods of effective treatment. (5) To discover further preventive measures against cancer.

Legacy forms and Deed of Covenant forms supplied on request.

Please send your gift to the Appeals Secretary, (Dept. PT1.)

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN
11 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1
Telephone: SLOane 3756-7

★ When sending your contribution, please mention the name and date of issue of this paper, so that every penny of Appeals Expenditure may be saved to the benefit of further research.

DOLCIN

REG. TRADE MARK

A SUCCESSFUL DISCOVERY

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAINFUL SYMPTOMS OF
RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURITIS

DOLCIN is a special compound of calcium succinate and acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) which has been widely tested and proved effective in countless cases, in this country and in America and Canada.

DOLCIN provides PROMPT RELIEF from the painful symptoms of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and Fibrositis. Dolcin also gives PROLONGED RELIEF because it contains substances which increase the supply of blood and oxygen to the affected tissues.

DOLCIN is non-toxic. It will not harm the heart or any other organ, even when taken over long periods to eliminate rheumatic activity in severe cases.

Your chemist stocks DOLCIN. Try it today if you suffer from any of the ailments in the rheumatic group. 100 tablets for 10/-, 500 tablets 45/- including purchase tax.

DOLCIN, 110 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



How much does a burglar cost?

EVEN if you are robbed of few valuables (and they are insured) the price of a burglary can be high—in damage to furniture, destruction of sentimental possessions and shock. And remember that the small householder is the very man—as police records prove—against whom most burglaries are directed.

Can you trust your locks?

If you have any doubt, replace them with burglar-baffling Chubb locks, made by the makers of safes and strongrooms for banks and jewellers the world over.

The range includes the unpickable 6-lever Mortice Locking Latch (3L91) at 62.6.

Ask your ironmonger today to show you this wonderful new Chubb lock, or write for illustrated folder, 'Burm in Burglary and the Answer.' Chubb, 40-42 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

View from inside door
of Chubb Mortice
Locking Latch
(3L91).
In bronze or
chromium finish.



FIT CHUBB LOCKS NOW—FOR SAFETY



AND why not? Men who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money! It's a grand tobacco of medium strength — the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is very important these days!

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

4/12 d. an ounce

MURRAY, SONS AND CO., LTD., BELFAST,
NORTHERN IRELAND where Good Tobaccos
have been skilfully blended for over 130 years

Some people prefer MACKESON'S STOUT



— it's a matter of taste

Although the accepted taste of stout is on the bitter side, many who take a heartening glass when the long, hard day's work is over find Mackeson's smooth richness a pleasant change. Try it, and taste the difference!

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD

Whitbread & Co. Ltd., 27 Britannia Street, London, W.C.1

FASTER TO INDIA



COMFORT IN SLEEPER CONSTELLATIONS
BOMBAY IN JUST A DAY
THREE SERVICES EACH WEEK
LONDON GENEVA ★ CAIRO ★ BOMBAY

AIR-INDIA International

The route of the Magic Carpet



• Bookings accepted to Geneva and Cairo
Your travel agent charges no booking fee.
Connections from Bombay throughout India.
Freight too can be accepted.
AIR-INDIA INTERNATIONAL LTD.
56 Haymarket, S.W.1. Tel.: Whitehall 8536/7

I know, I know . . . it's been worrying me too. Bad for one's pride and not so good for health either, all that unsupported slackness. Muscles go soft, tummy suffers . . . Well, at my time of life a bit of help is called for, don't you think? A LINIA BELT, you say? You couldn't be righter! I've come to the same conclusion myself.



FREE BOOKLET ON LINIA METHOD FROM DEPT. LTD

Bald only by J. Housset Ltd.

177 Regent Street, London, W.1. Phone Reg 1570
Birkenhead, Bristol, Luton, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow.

Something just a little better—



Silvifix

controls the hair
without gumming

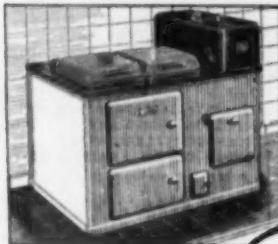
A Silvifix product
concentrated for economy —
a touch is all you need to groom
your hair for the day.





CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

Day and night the AB Cooker is always ready to provide perfect cooking facilities for 2 to 20 people *plus* a constant hot water supply for kitchen and bathroom as well. This double-duty feature means big savings all round. The money invested in an AB is soon repaid by the cost of the fuel it saves.



Price £80 plus delivery.
Deferred terms available.
Write for fully descriptive
leaflet to Dept. D.

FEDERATED SALES LTD., 83, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.I.

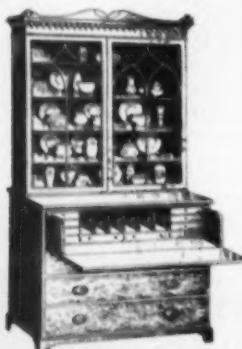


SMEDLEY'S HYDRO MATLOCK

In picturesque Derbyshire, famous for nearly a Century as a Curative resort; also provides unrivalled facilities for the holiday-maker.

Inclusive terms from
21/- per day.

Illustrated Tariff on application.



ANTIQUE MAHOGANY SECRÉTAIRE BOOKCASE
7' 8" high, 4' wide £75.

JOLLY & SON LTD., Milsom St., BATH



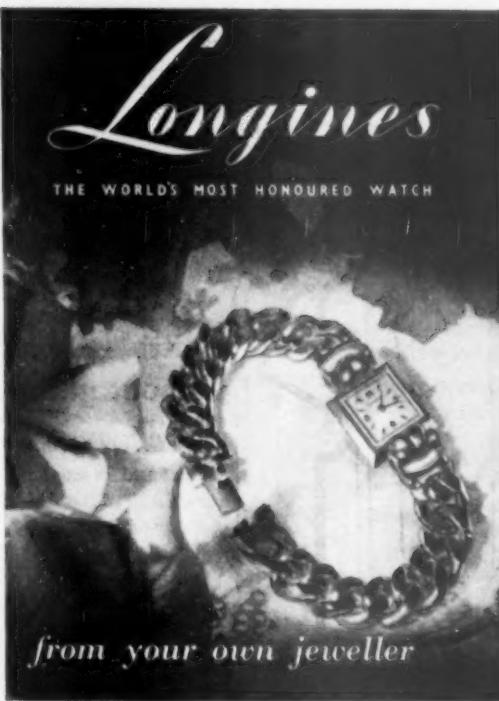
MARIE BRIZARD APRY

I love
the liqueur
of the Apricot



★ Now available from Wine Merchants and Stores
throughout the United Kingdom.
Sale Distributors:

Tuiss & Brownings & Hallows
5 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4



THE WORLD'S MOST HONOURLED WATCH
from your own jeweller

BAUME AND COMPANY - LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS



The dog he left
behind him

He is one of those thousands of returning Britons, Servicemen, emigrants and others, who are forced to break their hearts a little by abandoning the pets they love amongst strangers in a foreign land. Fares for animals are very high . . . quarantine costs amount to a pound a week or more. The RSPCA Pets Repatriation Fund, which has already helped to reunite many owners with their pets, is now seriously depleted. Please send a donation or gift for sale to the Pets Repatriation Fund (Dept. P., 1, RSPCA, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1).



Remember the
RSPCA

Kenwood

Today KENWOOD appliances in the kitchen are the mark of streamlined home-management—the last word in freedom from household drudgery—the ultimate refinement in domestic enlightenment. In the space of a few short years the name of Kenwood has come to be associated with the highest class of electric appliances, and particularly with food mixers. As pioneers in this

highly specialised field Kenwood Mixers now enjoy a worldwide reputation.

But KENWOOD ingenuity holds fresh joys in store for Britain's women. Look to KENWOOD labour-saving devices to make tomorrow's dreams come true.

A free copy of our new brochure, now in course of preparation, will gladly be sent on request.

Kenwood

The Kenwood range includes the following

KENWOOD MIXER • **KENWOOD KENMIX LIQUIDISER**
KENWOOD TURNOVER TOASTER
KENWOOD HEAT CONTROLLED IRON

Kenwood Electrics Limited (Dept. B161), 151 Oxford Street, London, W.1

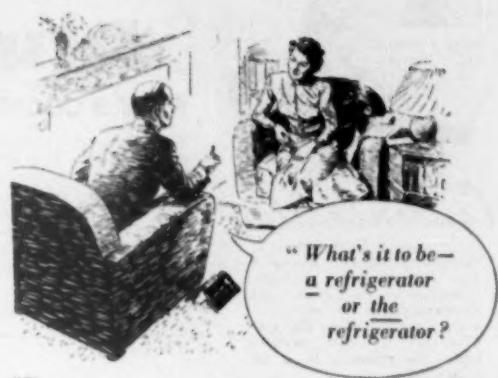


By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers



Cerebos

SALT



"LOOK at it this way," he said. "I could go out and get you one to-day. That is, if we simply couldn't wait and money were no object. But, as you know . . . well, it seems silly to rush things . . . now."

When a husband starts like that, you know he's got something up his sleeve.

"I've found out three things," he went on. "Three interesting things. First—any modern refrigerator costs money, but, size for size, *Prestcold* prices are the lowest.

"Next—many refrigerators are perfectly good . . . but on every practical point a *Prestcold* is better. From the way it's built to the way it looks, for efficiency and roominess and really clever planning, it's plain to me a *Prestcold* is easily the finest refrigerator you can buy.

"And?—Oh yes—they're made by a first-class engineering firm. So . . . I put our name down. May have to wait but it's worth it."



Illustrated on the left is the family model S.472, incorporating the 'Prestador' inner door for extra food storage. Price £64 plus £15.19.10 tax. Below right, table-top model S. 311, price £45 plus £11.3.7 tax. Both made by the largest manufacturers of automatic refrigerators in Britain, both powered by the exclusive 'Prismatic' hermetically sealed unit.



There is a
Prestcold Refrigerator
to suit every home,
every pocket

In addition there is a comprehensive range of *Prestcold* equipment for commercial use—service cabinets, ice-cream conservators, frozen food cabinets, cold rooms, milk coolers, etc. For full details, contact any *Prestcold* Distributor or write direct.

PRESTCOLD

REFRIGERATORS

the best — at the lowest cost

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LTD · COWLEY · OXFORD



Concentration

A pipeful of Chairman is invaluable when one wishes to bear down upon a problem. Chairman assists concentration, sharpens perception, and points the judgment. For the man who believes that smoking helps his planning it is the ideal choice.

Chairman Tobacco



4/2½ per oz.
In 2 oz.
vacuum
tins and 1
oz. packets.

Three strengths: Chairman, medium; Boardman, mild; Recorder, full.
If any difficulty obtaining, write to
Chairman Sales Office, 24 Holborn,
London, E.C.1.

The Island of Mull WESTERN ISLES HOTEL Tobermory

Ideally situated overlooking Tobermory Bay and Sound of Mull. In season . . . Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Rough Shooting, Deer Stalking, Walks, Boating, etc. Every modern comfort including Cocktail Bar and Sun Lounge. Write for Brochure or telephone Tobermory 12.



Completely yours!
All that you can wish for in the way
of elegance, appointments, service
and courtesy are yours at the Palace.
A complete holiday, with tennis, golf,
cinema, squash, swimming, all in
the invigorating terms, and the Perfect
Holiday becomes a reality.

PALACE HOTEL
TORQUAY

Headache?

TAKE A COUPLE OF

ANADIN

TABLETS INSTEAD!



They work quickly and safely because, like Aspirin, pure Aspirin is combined with Phenacetin, Caffeine and Quinine, the products known to fortify and sustain the effects of Aspirin whilst eliminating undesirable after-effects.

FOR SAFE AND QUICK RELIEF

REFRESHING, STIMULATING, SATISFYING!

Prunier

B and S COGNAC BRANDY

With plain, soda water or minerals it makes the most heavenly long drink imaginable. Prunier B and S neat is just as delightful, and is an ideal tonic and pick-me-up. Treat yourself to Prunier B and S today. Sold by all good wine merchants, stores and bars.

JAS. PRUNIER & CO. COGNAC



PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware provides a guarantee of Safety

However carefully the scientist and the research worker in the laboratory prepare and mix the materials for their particular tests, the final success of their experiments depends upon the reliability of the glassware used.

By virtue of the remarkably low coefficient of expansion of 3.2 x 10⁻⁶ per degree centigrade, PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware is immune to the effects of sudden changes of temperature, while acids (except hydrofluoric and glacial phosphoric) have practically no effect upon its surface.

Further than this, it has been found possible to make the mechanical structure of PYREX Brand Glassware more robust than that of ordinary laboratory glassware. This added strength not only safeguards valuable experiments, but also saves a high percentage of the cost of replacements.

In other words, where reliability and length of service are essential, the inherent properties of PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware provide a sine-qua-non for the scientist and the laboratory.

PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware is supplied only through Laboratory Glassware Distributors. Catalogues and two free copies of our *Chemist's Notebook* will be sent direct on application in us, which should be written on trade heading or accompanied by professional card.

PYREX Scientific Glassware

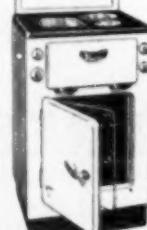
Made by
JAMES A. JOBLING & CO. LTD.,
Wear Glass Works, SUNDERLAND.

SANDEMAN

PORT AND SHERRY

You'll like it!

GOOD COOKING



Here is the perfect combination for the perfect kitchen. THE BELLING STREAMLINE Electric Cooker with inner glass oven door, and illuminated interior, automatic temperature controls for oven and boiling plates — the most advanced design yet produced. £13.50.



£27.15.0

You can't beat a Belling

BELLING & CO. LTD., ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

MAKERS OF ELECTRIC FIRES AND COOKERS SINCE 1912

It's a new age in Nylon

But of course we're getting used to it . . .

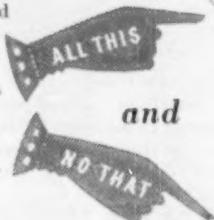
It had to come — all that mending and ironing was a bit much . . .

Not daring to wear flimsy things except for best . . .

Throwing them out in a few months . . .

Ridiculous, really . . .

But now we've got nylon all that's over . . .
high time too.



BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD., PONTYPOOL, MON.

AHEAD OF ALL



The high standard set by modern hygiene is exemplified in these beautiful Stainless Steel Sinks and Cabinets, which can be obtained from all genuine Builders and Plumbers Merchants.

For Superior Quality insist on
W. H. PAUL LTD., Bresston
DERBY



Chosen by the connoisseur —



THE H.M.V.
'MOLTON' COFFEE
PERCOLATOR



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE ROYAL FAMILY
AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT
TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE BRITISH HOUSEHOLD DIVISION
TO THE BRITISH ARMY AIR CORPS
TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

This better-looking Percolator makes better coffee — that is why the 'Molton' appeals to those who know the value of good things. Artistry of design and a high standard of efficiency are superbly combined.

- Strong construction, with beautiful mirror-chrome finish for easy cleaning.
- Heat-resistant handle and base.
- Capacity as 9 standard-size coffee cups.
- Non-drip spout prevents stains.
- Safety device to break current if percolator is allowed to boil dry.
- AC/DC 100/110, 120/130, 200/210, 220/240 or 250 Volts.
- This appliance carries the guarantee of the Good Housekeeping Institute.

H.M.V.

'Molton' Coffee Percolator

PRICE £4.17.6

Write today for full details or enquire at any leading electrical retailer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

To sufferers from

Catarrh and COLDS

You know only too well the discomfort and misery of catarrh. The flavourless food. Difficult breathing. Fitful sleep. Do not endure it any longer. Go to your Doctor at once.

Argotone is the accepted treatment. It contains Ephedrine to clear congestion of nose and throat, Silver Vitellin to disinfect inflamed tissues, and normal saline to tone up mucous membranes. For years scientists tried to combine these three ingredients in a stable solution. At long last this has been achieved in Argotone—but only in Argotone. Insist on Argotone.

ARGOTONE NASAL DROPS

Contain no Oil or Sulphonamides

The

GRAND TORQUAY

We live by deeds, not words.
Mr. & Mrs. R. Paul, Joint Managers.
Tel.: 2234



Send for
samples
of this
attractive
and
economical
carpeting



This needleloom carpet with rubber backing looks well . . . wears well . . . and gives a very soft tread. Requires no underfelt, is easily cut for fitting, lies flat and needs no sewing or binding. Available in 3 widths.

IN 9	ONLY 9/6 PER YARD (18 ins. wide)
COLOURS	13/3 " " (27 ins. wide)
	25/6 " " (54 ins. wide)

Carriage paid. Send 1/- for complete range of samples and full details.

PETER SHEPHERD & COMPANY

DEPT. 33A, KENNET SIDE WORKS, READING, BERKS



This Jacobite glass bears an engraved portrait of Prince Charles, and was a favourite device for expressing loyalty to the exiled Stuarts. It was in glasses like this that Drambuie, the Prince's own liqueur, was originally served.

Drambuie



A sweet pipe.
A comfortable pipe. Well-made and well-balanced. A Barling—the pipe that gives perfect pleasure from the first fill. Take care of your Barling Pipe—supplies are still limited.

Barling

LONDON 1812

Manufactured in London since 1812 by
B. BARLING & SONS
"Makers of the world's finest pipes"

Immunity from DRAUGHTS?

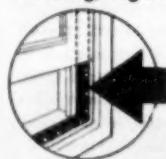


Yes—it is achieved by INSTALLING HERMSEAL!

Draughts are the cause of colds and other ills, and few homes are free of either when GENERAL WINTER is around. Draughts, of course, are the vicious symptoms of a continual cold air leakage through the gaps around every window and door in your home—creating chilly rooms and endless discomfort.

HERMSEAL attacks this problem at its source, and REDUCES THIS UNWANTED LEAKAGE BY AS MUCH AS 95%, ensuring more efficient heating, higher internal temperatures, appreciable saving in fuel and healthier living conditions.

A PERMANENT installation in phosphor-bronze alloy carrying a 10 year guarantee, and suitable for every type of door and window, HERMSEAL will more than repay its cost in a few winter seasons. May we send you full details?



HERMSEAL

means warmer homes

BRITISH HERMSEAL LTD.
HEAD OFFICE: 4 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Grosvenor 4324 (3 lines)



Suck a MEGGEZONES at the first sign of catarrh, a cough or a cold, or whenever you find yourself in a germ-laden atmosphere (in the cinema, etc.). Antiseptic and soothing, MEGGEZONES enable you to secure quick relief pleasantly, conveniently. Carry a tin with you always—price 1/9, from all chemists.

Also Children's Meggezones, price 1/6 per tin.

It's good style to

write on

**WALDORF
CLUB**

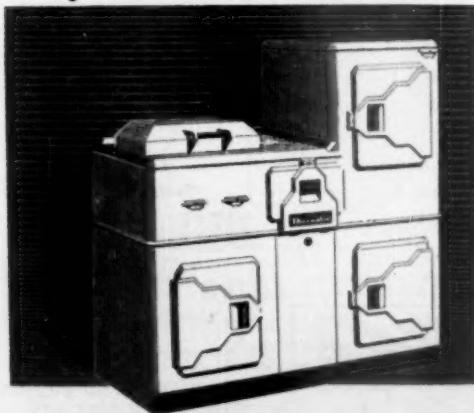
Whatever your style, whatever your pen, you will write more easily, more fluently, on the satin-smooth, non-greasy surface of Waldorf Club, the British made quality stationery at a popular price. Waldorf Club notepaper is made in two colours, Ivory and Cobalt, and in two sizes with envelopes to match. Pads are also available.



write for samples!

A full range of Waldorf Club sample sheets will be sent to you on receipt of your name and address and 2d. stamp to cover part cost of postage, etc. Please write to: Newton Mill Ltd., Dept. 6B, 24 New Bond Street, London, W.1

in your kitchen...



Britain's most modern Heat-Storage Cooker and Water Heater • An all-electric unit • Two ovens, grill, hot-plate, simmer-plate • A constant supply of hot water • Fully automatic twenty-four hour service.

Thermolux

Full details of these exclusive Heat-Storage Units can be obtained from approved Thermolux Agents or from Thermo-Cookers Ltd., 77 Great Peter Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Telephone: Whitehall 7233.



*Only perfect
little lambs
will do for
Tescan*

The Tescan label—for Beaver Lamb, Embros and other fur skins—is, so to speak, the Cordon Bleu of the sheepfold.

Competition for this distinction is so keen that only lambs from the choicest pastures can hope for success. Rather less than ten per cent actually do make the grade. This may be discouraging for the aspiring lamb, but it makes good news for fashionable women. It means that coats bearing the Tescan label are made only from the finest skins matched and prepared by the best British craftsmen. Be sure to look for the Tescan label when choosing your new fur coat.

Tescan skins are weatherproof.

MADE IN ENGLAND
from
TESCAN
Fur Skins





Battle of the Bath

POSITIVE HEALTH finds its reflection in a nest for living—at all times. But neither health nor growth can be maintained without the indispensable 'preventive' B group vitamins. Let Yestamin provide these vital factors, so often lacking in today's starchy, devitalized diet. Three palatable, crunchy tablets with each meal release extra energy from all your food. Start taking Yestamin today.

YESTAMIN

3 TABLETS-
300
300
300
300
3 TABLETS 1/6
100 TABLETS 1/6
300 TABLETS 4/-
DAILY YEAST
Obtainable
only from Chemists

FOR EVERY SEALING AND MENDING JOB



"DUREX" *Tape-it!*

"DUREX"—the transparent adhesive tape—is neat and clean to handle. Does a hundred-and-one sealing and mending jobs without mess or sticky hands. It's all held snugly in the dispenser. Pull off what you need and tear downwards on the cutting edge. No wonder they say—don't tie it or paste it but "DUREX". Tape it! Ask your usual retailer for it.



Trade Enquiries:
DUREX ADHESIVE LTD., BIRMINGHAM 8

DUREX *Cellulose TAPE*
TAPES it easy!

"Happy Birthday"? — NEVER AGAIN...

ON every birthday, the loving greeting used to come from her skipper father aboard his trawler. Now, alas, it would never come again. The sea had claimed him, too... Truly, the fish that we enjoy is paid for not only in money but also in human suffering—the relief of which is one of the main tasks of this Mission. In the fishing ports, Deep Sea Mission Institutes are centres of comfort, welfare and worship for fishermen and their families... Gifts of money, books, comforts etc. or requests for fuller information about the Mission's Christian work among the fisherfolk, are gratefully received by the Secretary.



DEEP SEA MISSION
ROYAL NATIONAL MISSION TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN
41 R.N.M.D.S.F. HOUSE, 43, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.1



"Why not take an aspirin?
... I mean a Disprin"

'Disprin' confers all the pain-relieving, sedative benefits of aspirin and additional benefits of its own. Because it is neutral and soluble, it gives relief without the likelihood of discomfort or gastric irritation. Because it is truly dissolved, Disprin passes speedily into the system, and its pain-relieving, soothing effects are felt without delay.

Bottle of 26 tablets 2/-. From all chemists

Norseman Raincoats for discriminating people

NORSEMAN
braves
all weathers

Mr. Pickwick's immediate need was a NORSEMAN RAINCOAT (and they were made in those days).

A. B. Hargreaves & Co. Ltd.,
Chorley, Lancs.



COMFORTABLE FALSE TEETH



"They're making false teeth much more comfortable now-a-days". This was the unconscious tribute recently paid to DENTO by a user.

He did not realise that 15 minutes daily soaking in DENTO ends irritation, besides cleaning dentures so wonderfully.

This is how it happens. Germs get right inside the pores of dentures, where no ordinary cleaning can reach them, and breed there. They cause irritation. DENTO kills them. Simple!

The surest way to forget your dentures is to remember DENTO. Specially made for modern dentures. 1/6d. from Chemists.

CALVERT'S DENTO
Cleans and purifies your Dentures

YOUNG "STAN" COLLECTS MUD, SORE SHINS, AND **Wilkinson's LIQUORICE ALLSORTS**

"... a credit to you on BENBOW'S!"

He's the terror of the rats in the rickyard, a lively companion on a country walk and a clever archer. He is kept in fine trim on Benbow's, the conditioner of champions and well behaved companions alike, for over two years.

From pet shops, corn sweet and chemists.
BENBOW'S FAMOUS SINCE 1838
10, Station Road, Shortlands, Kent.

KIMPTON BROS. LTD.
Established 1882

SOLE SUPPLIERS OF
Red Carnation
BRAND
GUM TRAGACANTH

AVAILABLE IN FOUR GRADES
OF STANDARDISED VISCOSITY,
COLOUR & FINENESS OF POWDER.
PACKED IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

Only the finest Gum Tragacanth (tubes) are selected by KIMPTON BROS. LTD. for processing into Red Carnation Brand Powdered Gum Tragacanth.

Also leading suppliers to the trade of Honey, Spices, Beeswax and Carnauba Waxes, Ginger in Syrup, Vanilloes and Cherries in Brine and Glace.

KIMPTON BROS. LTD., 110 FENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.3. • ROYAL 5344 (13 lines)

"CAN COUGHS AND COLDS BE PREVENTED?"

By building up resistance to infection with Angier's Emulsion you can lessen the risk of catching colds, chills and influenza. Angier's is a most palatable emulsion. It has a definite beneficial effect on the system and gives tone and vitality to the bodily functions.

ANGIER'S EMULSION
IS THE ANSWER

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL COMPANY LTD., 80 SCLERKENWELL RD., LONDON E.C.1

New 4 over Esse Fairy

Specially built to burn Unrationed Coke

Just look what you get! See what you save!

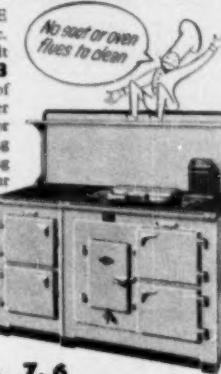
1 4 ovens with famous ESSE even heat—2 for roasting, etc.
—2 for slow cooking. 2 Built to burn easy-to-get coke. 3 Record low fuel consumption of approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coke per hour. 4 Cooking de-luxe for 7 to 9 people with fast-boiling hotplate and two simmering plates. 5 Continuous 24 hour service. 6 Heat control to your requirements. 7 Constant hot water with model No. 3 for only 6 lb. extra coke in 24 hours.

If you have a 2 oven Fairy ('R' type) it can be converted to a 4 oven cooker now. Write for details.



£96. 7. 6
with boiler
£86. 17. 6
without boiler
or monthly terms

The ESSE COOKER Company
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Head Office: Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire
London: 46 Davies Street, W.I.



the strongest of ale
may be ordered by mail

NO
DEPOSIT
NOTHING
TO RETURN

As strong as the Ale that our forefathers drank—Flower's Special Brew is made to a century-old formula but it comes to you in the modern manner—by Mail Order. Delivered in handy cartons of 12 Nip ($\frac{1}{2}$ -pint) bottles—no deposit—nothing to return.

**FLOWER'S
SPECIAL BREW**

★ Write to-day
for illustrated
folder giving full
details to:—

FLOWER & SONS LTD.,
Mail Order Department B.2.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Invest with Security

2½% Share Interest

Income Tax paid by Society

Capital invested in the Society is non-fluctuating capital yielding a reasonable rate of interest to the investor. Since its incorporation in 1882 thousands of members and depositors have relied on the Society as the custodian of their savings. Individual investments are invited in sums of £25 to a maximum of £5,000. Withdrawals in full at any time on agreed notice being given.

Deposit Interest
1½% subject to one month's notice of withdrawal.

Assets exceed £6,000,000.
Reserves £320,000.
Open Accounts 16,000.

Write to-day for
balance sheet and "Safe
Investments" Booklet D.3.

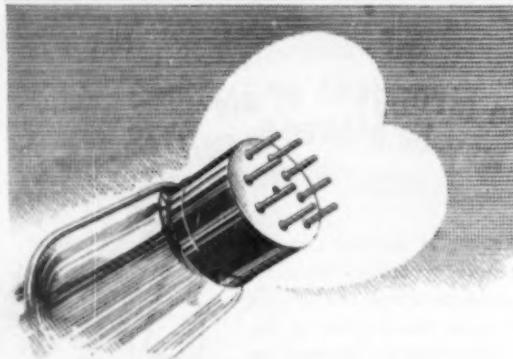
Church of England

Temperance and General Permanent Benefit

Building Society

(Incorporated 1882)

HEAD OFFICE: 6 & 7, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4



Precision Valve Pins
by STEAD
keep the Heart beating!!

You plug it in—but without perfect pins the valve does not give perfect performance. Go to STEAD for valve pins and the heart of the set will be in the right place.

*Think
in STEAD'
before
you buy*

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2

Telephone: Sheffield 22283 (5 lines). Cables & Telegrams: Steadfast, Sheffield.

"There's nothing like
SEROCALCIN
for the prevention and treatment
of colds..."

With coughs and sneezes all around, don't take chances—take Serocalcin. If you already have a cold 3 Serocalcin tablets 3 times daily should very quickly clear it up. To secure immunity for 3 to 4 months many people simply take 2 Serocalcin tablets daily for 30 days. Serocalcin is absolutely safe—for children as well as grown-ups—for it contains no harmful drugs. Treatment Pack of 20 tablets 3/9. Immunising Pack of 60 tablets 9/3.



Get SEROCALCIN to-day
at your local chemist

• **FREE:** Please write Harwoods Laboratories Ltd, Watford, for a helpful booklet entitled "Immunity from Colds."

do your works
use many
"paint" brushes?



Very probably. For painting and for the hundred and one other uses Industry has for paint brushes. And for all these uses Harris brushes are the most economical. This is because there are special terms for Industry. And also because Harris brushes are very well made. They will do a better job, last longer in the process, and the bristles won't come out. But don't take our word for it. Test them yourself. Send a small trial order for samples of the Junior, Standard and Super (our good, better and best brushes) and "have a go."

Harris—the paint brush with a
name to its handle

You can get all 5 ranges of Harris Paint and Distemper Brushes from good stockists.

L. G. HARRIS & COMPANY LIMITED • STOKE PRIOR • WORCESTERSHIRE
CROSE

Light, lovely and colourful. Made in Popuda and lined with rainproof rayon. May be washed or dry cleaned and still remain weatherproof. Made in a range of beautiful colours.

Please write for name of your nearest stockist.

WINDAK LTD., WOODSIDE,
POYNTON, CHESHIRE

JN 937

English Rose
KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

Time was when a bunch of roses could do wonders with the little woman, but today husbands know better. ENGLISH ROSE is her first choice—a kitchen that she loves to use and will show her friends with pride. What better present for the housewife? Appreciate the elegant simplicity of these units—sink, Flavel Gas Cooker, Dual Freeze Refrigerator, etc., styled to match up

and form a beautiful kitchen. Ample cupboard space and the continuous work-top combine to make this the kitchen of the century.

Send today for the new booklet which fully describes the ENGLISH ROSE Kitchen.

FEATURES INCLUDE

- ★ Thermostatic combined oven tap and heat control.
- ★ Safety locking taps. Removable oven bottom.
- ★ Improved slab type insulation. Concealed floor tray.
- ★ Easy clean vitreous enamel finish. Bottom tray fitted with kicking strip.

Smoke Wavy Navy

Pure Navy Cut of
Pre-War quality



2 OZ. AIRTIGHT TIN 8/10
1 OZ. FOILED PACKET 4/5

Also ready rubbed

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.
MANUFACTURERS
and GUARANTORS



BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
DUNLOP RUBBER
CO. LTD.

Unequalled in strength, durability and performance, the
Dunlop 'Fort' is the culmination of unrivalled experience
in tyre manufacture.

DUNLOP 'FORT'

In a Class by Itself

50H/104